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SCARCELY ever has the record of a public official been subjected to such a ruthless searchlight as that which is now being directed against Secretary Baker's record at the War Department. It is all the more remarkable, consequently, that no evidence has been brought to light of the hitherto most popular and respectable methods of ignoring the public interest in conducting war work. So far as we know he has not even been accused of allowing partisan political motives any influence upon the appointments and the policy of his department. He is the first Secretary of War who has ignored the congressmen of his own party and taken the advice exclusively of his own expert subordinates in running his own department. His Democratic associates, particularly in Congress, have brought as much pressure as ever on both Mr. Baker and the President to discriminate in favor of good Democrats, but Mr. Baker has not flinched and the President has sustained him. Much of the animus on the part of Democratic Congressmen against the administration can be directly traced to their determination to get the scalp of a Secretary of War, who has dared to break away from the long array of precedents which permits Congressmen particularly during war to exercise personal and partisan influence on appointments and promotions. For this reason if for no other, we most devoutly hope that Secretary Baker will not permit the issue to be obscured by refusing to adopt those measures of reorganization which experience of war work both here and abroad have shown to be necessary.

IS he at present convinced that any reorganization is necessary? The testimony he gave on Monday, before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, sounds as if he were not. It is the statement of a man who sincerely invites criticism, who is willing to correct mistakes and shortcomings when they have been pointed out to him, but who is not himself aware of any mistakes that have not already been corrected. Mr. Baker is candid within the limits of his knowledge, he is evidently persuaded that he has nothing to hide, he is proud of what the War Department has accomplished, he takes no credit to himself for his part in this accomplishment. His testimony is a masterly picture of the difficulties of the American task, an encouraging picture of American good will, a truthful picture, so far as it goes, of our positive performances since we entered the war. It tells us, and Mr. Baker does well to insist upon this, that the number of American soldiers now in France is greatly in excess of anybody's expectation. It does not tell us whether in ordnance or aeroplanes, for example, we are ahead of our schedule or behind. And upon adherence to schedule, as well as upon the planning of the absolutely best schedule practicable, our success depends. Mr. Baker has described a vast performance. He has not enabled his countrymen to see the difference between this performance and what it might have been with better organization.

"IN matters connected with the shipment of troops abroad this office has not been consulted or considered as to the possibility of supplying these troops with suitable clothing at the time they were dispatched, or how supplying those

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troops would affect the problem of calling out the national army into camps. In other words, the problem of supply was not considered when the dispatch of troops was arranged." This is from the complete testimony just published of Quartermaster General Sharpe before the Senate Military Affairs Committee. Subsequent records show that General Sharpe again and again notified the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War that since troops were being sent abroad much faster than had been originally planned, either fewer men of the National Army must be called out here or clothing would be lacking. Each time he was optimistically assured that he need not worry. Yet the records show that General Pershing was obliged to drain the scanty resources of our Allies by ordering uniforms in England, and that at the same time woollen overcoats and blouses were lacking in zero weather for many thousands drafted in America. In view of the fact that it is the business of the General Staff to supervise the execution of policy and coördinate the various bureaus should not the Chief of Staff be called as a witness by the Committee? Has Congress, as so often before, forgotten that there is a General Staff?

EVERYBODY praises the selection of Mr. Stettinius as Surveyor General of Purchases for the War Department. Yet almost everybody agrees that further unification is necessary. Will Mr. Stettinius remain an advisory subordinate of Colonel Pierce, the Director of Supplies? And will the War Industries Board, now without a chairman, be superseded by a General Director of supplies for all purchasing departments? If a General Director should be created Mr. Stettinius is obviously the right man for the job. But if no further changes are to be made, or if they are to be delayed and a new Chairman of the War Industries Board is to be appointed, why not induce Mr. Stettinius to accept the position? There he would be able to furnish a personal link between his advisory duties in the War Department and the advisory duties of the board. If a unified organization cannot be created by legislation or decree, at least something like it might be arranged by a fortunate appointment.

GERMAN policy in the Brest-Litovsk conferences is plainly in the hands of men who are incapable of realizing that the war has changed the world. They imagine that the political map still holds in the consciousness of their own and other peoples the same transcendent importance as it held before the war, and are exercising all their ingenuity to effect a settlement that will enable them to point to " increase in the patrimony of the Fatherland." In the meantime they find themselves back-fired by popular unrest. The German masses, and even more the Austrian masses, want peace with Russia, food from Russia, not additional Slavic territory to Germany. Harden is speaking for more than a narrow class of extreme radicals when he denounces eastern annexations as not even a benefit insufficient to justify further fighting, but as an absolute injury to the spiritual unity of the Fatherland. Popular unrest may not yet be powerful enough to penetrate the shell of German diplomacy. Germany is not ripe for revolution. But the Bolshevik ferment is working, and if the peace negotiations with Russia fail and the war drags on without a definite end in sight, the German government may yet learn that every people has its limit of tolerance.

DR. VON KÜHLMANN has secreted a joke in his latest speech to the main committee of the Reichstag. " Our differences with the Bolshevist government," he said, " relate mainly to details regarding the carrying out of self-determination, which, after all, is not entirely a modern innovation, Bismarck having stipulated it in the peace treaty after the campaign of 1866." True. Bismarck did. The treaty of Prague, by which Austria ceded Schleswig to Prussia, stipulated that " the populations of the North of Schleswig shall be again united with Denmark in the event of their expressing a desire so to be by a vote freely exercised." About fifty thousand Danes, something like a third of the population of North Schleswig, had exercised the choice given them after the war of 1864 by the treaty of Vienna and had emigrated to Denmark. They were encouraged by the clause we have quoted from the treaty of Prague to return to Schleswig. They waited for the plebiscite it promised. But no plebiscite was ever held. No opportunity was ever given the populations of North Schleswig of voting for or against being reunited with Denmark. Prussia never intended to give them such an opportunity. She made the promise with the intention of breaking it. By a later treaty of Vienna, the 1878 treaty, the clause which promised the plebiscite was abrogated, and Austria assented. This is the precedent to which Dr. von Kühlmann refers. It is a plain indication of what he wants in the Russian provinces Germany has taken. Was he cynical or stupid or merely forgetful when he cited such a precedent?

PROFESSIONAL diplomats have reason to feel chagrined over the fact that the longer the war lasts the less are their arts prized. It is to the leaders of labor that the world now looks for practical suggestions for the settlement of war

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issues. Russian labor contributed the formula, "No annexations and no indemnities," and has compelled its general acceptance as the basis of war aims. Labor is forcing the democratization of Austria, the most diplomat-ridden state of Europe, and German labor is the chief factor in the movement for the democratization of Germany. The British labor party in its recent message to Russia announced its adherence to the only just and rational plan of disposing of the German colonies of Central Africa, placing not only these colonies but all of Equatorial Africa under international control. By this plan the menace of German military colonialism would be removed, and at the same time Germany would secure freer commercial opportunities in Africa than she had before the war.

WITH the Breslau sunk and the Goeben damaged, the Turkish fleet ceases for the time to be a factor even in the Black Sea. And perhaps one of the most powerful arguments for Turkey's remaining in the war is gone. There seems to be little doubt that the Goeben and Breslau, interned off the Golden Horn in the early months of the war, served as rallying points for German influence in Constantinople. It has even been asserted that it was the guns of the two cruisers trained on the city that compelled the weak and cowardly Turkish government to take up arms on the side of Germany. Whether this is true or not, it can hardly be doubted that these ships with their power to destroy the Turkish capital have been of incalculable value to the governing Germanophile party in the hours of popular despair. The question naturally arises, why were these two invaluable instruments of German control permitted to go cruising outside of the Dardanelles? The damage they could inflict on the Allied patrol vessels was negligible. Were the Turks trying to rid themselves of these ships, in order to recover for themselves the right of self-determination?

THE agreement between the Dutch government and our War Trade Board, releasing for use outside of the war zone the Dutch shipping tied up in our ports, has closed the most stubborn of our disputes with the European neutrals. The precise terms of the agreement are not made public, but we may infer that the concessions to Holland are sufficient to quiet the resentment that was accumulating in Holland against America. This resentment was of decided value to Germany. While there was never any chance that Holland's grievances against us would drive her into the war, there were innumerable minor services that she could perform for Germany, if she chose. Germany was in a position to draw heavily upon Dutch man power for her industries, if Dutch hostility could be directed against the Allies. Apart from its diplomatic advantages, the agreement is important as relieving the ocean transport situation. A half million tons of shipping that can be applied to the South American and Australian trade will make available large supplies of materials and foodstuffs that are badly needed here.

IS the neglect of good drama a wise war economy? There can be no doubt that some members of the Drama League are failing to renew their membership, and it looks as if they were almost entirely influenced by the war. This is an unfortunate result of the inevitable tendency to give up non-war organizations. Most clubs and entertainment societies have quite properly suffered since we joined the belligerents. The people who actively supported them, for one thing, are busy with the war. But the object of the Drama League is not to pick out good entertainments or to encourage playgoers to support amusing plays. It is to direct attention and aid to drama that is seriously admirable. No one would put the Drama League claims above the claims of war or red cross work. But until the saloon and the soda fountain and Snappy Stories and the Winter Garden and the joy-ride have disappeared from the face of America, the watchman will have a right to go up and down crying, "Do not forget the special ways of looking out for the civilization you are defending. Join the Drama League."

Devious Peace Overtures

PEACE is no nearer, if we are to take Hertling's address at its face value, and as indicative of the position of the ruling forces of Germany. It does not express the views of the extreme pan-Germanists, and they announce themselves much dissatisfied with it. Neither does it express the views of the socialists and liberals who had hoped that a way might be opened for an honorable peace. If there is any class in Germany that will accept Hertling's pronouncements without reservations it is the conservative landed gentry, the Junkers proper. Once more we are forced to listen to the myth of a Germany encircled by aggressive enemies, of the purely defensive nature of the Dual Alliance. If we had the full text of the address, we should doubtless find in it also the myth of Belgium's secret alliance with England and France, the bloody designs of the lamb against the wolf. Germany's hands are declared clean, and until the Allies recognize this, Hertling intimates there can be no talk of peace. Germany's military position is stronger than ever, and "throughout the army, in the officers and the

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men, lives unbroken the joy of battle." Germany will not give up Alsace-Lorraine. She will not renounce annexations at the expense of Russia, annexations that would inevitably increase the power of the Junker as against that of the industrial classes of modern Germany. Belgian and French territory occupied by the German armies are to be held as pawns to be given up only in exchange for suitable concessions. As to the American demands, as expressed in President Wilson's statement of war aims, we are given to understand that Germany proposes to settle her eastern boundary questions with Russia and her western boundary questions with France. These questions, in Hertling's view, do not concern us. Whether Poland is to be independent or not is a matter for Germany and Austria-Hungary, which "liberated" her from Russia, to determine. As to "freedom of the seas," Hertling agrees with the President's proposal, after striking out the essential clause relating to the closing of the seas "by international action for the enforcement of international covenants," and after adding the preposterous suggestion that British naval bases, such as Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Hong Kong and the Falkland Islands be removed. Peace upon such terms would be a victorious peace, as the Junkers conceive it, though not the successful peace, assuring world dominion, of the more ambitious pan-Germanists. The difference is immaterial except in theory. Hertling knows very well that the Allies will accept no peace that leaves Germany in the position of victor.

Is then Hertling's address to be taken as a mere reiteration of Germany's declaration of war against the world? Before we accept such a conclusion, let us consider for a moment the simultaneous declaration of Count Czernin, who speaks as authoritatively for the Dual Monarchy as Hertling speaks for Germany. Both statesmen cover the same ground. It is assumed by well informed writers in the German press that Hertling and Czernin were in close communication with each other; that each knew and approved the other's utterance. This is an assumption one is forced to make, in default of proof that Austria-Hungary has acquired a degree of independence of action such as she has never manifested since the war began. There must, then, be something like an agreement, at bottom, between the views of Hertling and Czernin.

But Czernin appears as pacific as Hertling appears bellicose. He declares that Austria-Hungary does not demand one kreutzer of indemnity or one foot of soil from Russia. The Polish question ought not to delay peace for a single day. Differences between Russia and Germany respecting the disposition of Courland, Lithuania and the Polish provinces are not serious enough to "justify a rupture of negotiations, but negotiations of this character can not be finished in one night." He regards President Wilson's proposals as "an appreciable approach to the Austro-Hungarian point of view." And most striking of all is his statement that "it is obvious to me that an exchange of views between America and Austria-Hungary might form the starting point for a conciliatory discussion among all the states which have not yet entered into peace negotiations." Finally, we may note that Czernin has since stated explicity that his address was designed to reach the attention of President Wilson, and that a copy of it was in the President's hands before it was delivered. As a fact, that copy seems to have been delayed in transmission, but that is a point that is irrelevant. And so, while Hertling was parading his irreconcilability, his attorney Czernin was actually opening negotiations on the basis of President Wilson's statement of Allied aims, and intimating that if Wilson could interest our Allies in the negotiations, Czernin could interest Germany.

Czernin addressed himself to Wilson, and through Wilson to the Allied world. To whom, then, did Hertling address himself? Why, to the German Junkers and militarists who are demanding just once more to stake a million lives on victory, in the coming offensive to which all the rest of Germany looks forward with horror. Hertling must know that the offensive will fail to attain its object. He must know that only peace can avert a struggle on the western front more destructive of German life than any that has yet been experienced. He may boast that the German armies are stronger than ever, but he must know that the Allied armies are bound to gain strength in greater proportions. Yet it is politically impossible for him to make overtures for peace directly. The Junkers and pan-Germans are too strong for him.

It is possible, however, to make overtures through Austria. Hertling is not responsible for Austria's internal situation, nor for the growth in the Dual Monarchy of a peace movement to which the government may be forced to yield. Suppose that Austria-Hungary could obtain terms sufficiently satisfactory to make her unwilling to continue at war. Bulgaria and Turkey would fall away, and Germany could not keep up the fight alone. She would be forced to make peace, however resolute the war spirit of her government. Is not this what Hertling is playing for? Peace, but by no fault of the German government.

If this is Hertling's game, it is a dangerous one. The process of negotiation suggested by Czernin is slow; and the winter is drawing to a close. With spring will come an offensive: if the Germans do not strike, the Allies will. And once the armies are

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locked in battle, it is not likely that there will be a truce till snow flies again. Let us recall that from the beginning of the war the Germans have had to abate their expectations, year by year. At first they expected a crushing victory by Christmas. A year later they offered peace in the role of magnanimous victors, refraining from dealing the final blow. Another year, and they still protested themselves victors, but there was a note of doubt in their protestations, however brave. Now they talk loudly of their next offensive and resort to peace overtures by devious routes. What will be the position of the German government after another twelve months' record of costly offensives shattered against the Allied front, and with America finally ready to apply her whole military power?

Costs to Abide the Event

IN the controversy which is now taking place about the management or mismanagement of the war, both the friends and the opponents of the administration are allowing themselves to be distracted from the essential point. As a consequence of Senator Chamberlain's unfortunate attack on the administration and the President's sharp retort an element of personal grievance and resentment has been injected into the discussion, which tends to concentrate attention on irrelevant issues. It was indefensible for a man in Senator Chamberlain's position to launch an attack on the work of the several departments which if it were true would call not for an improvement but for a revolution in personnel and methods, and which in the actual circumstances would make a false impression on public opinion, but the really important matter is not whether the President has a just grievance against Senator Chamberlain, but whether mistakes have been discovered in the conduct of the war which can and should be corrected. In the same way it is just now of small importance whether the President misinterpreted the Senator's motives in criticizing the administration. In the eyes of public opinion the justifiability of the criticism will depend not on the way in which the war has been conducted hitherto, but on the way it will be conducted henceforth—upon the future success of the administration in obtaining tangible results.

The defenders of the administration like to put the case in this way. Imagine, they say, a private business organization which was obliged to handle within eight months a volume of business eight or ten times larger than that to which it was accustomed. Would not there necessarily be confusion, blunders, waste and delay? Would it not be fortunate to pull through as well as President Wilson's administration is now doing? There is undoubtedly an element of truth in this statement of the matter, which a critical historian, in appraising the work of the administration, will scrupulously consider, but the friends of the administration will make an irremediable mistake if they expect their contemporaries to pause over discriminating estimates of this kind. For us the question is not whether the job was difficult, not even whether it was impossible, but whether or how far it is actually achieved. We must ask what amount of economic and military damage to Germany and military and economic assistance to the Allies will the American war organization be able to deliver during the next six months? If these results are sufficient, it will make no essential difference whether or not mistakes and blunders have been made. Criticism will be silenced and public opinion will properly be satisfied. But if they are insufficient, if Germany can win some measure of victory in spite of our enmity, if America's allies are even partially defeated because of the lack of assistance from this country, then no excuses, no matter how plausible or even impregnable, will be or should be accepted. If a nation or a government is not willing to accept the verdict of result, it should steer clear of war.

All good Americans should, consequently, drop personal grievances or disputes about past inadequacies in American war preparation and fix their attention on the task of the immediate future. The revelations of the past six weeks have sufficiently proved that in its conduct of the war the administration has underestimated the importance of two indispensable conditions of securing the needed result. It has underestimated the importance of speed and of plan. It has accomplished a prodigious volume of special work, but it has not sufficiently considered whether inferior weapons, which could be made available in June 1918, would not accomplish more than superior weapons, which would not be available until the fall—that is for practical purposes a year later—and it has not sufficiently considered whether the very volume of its efforts would not eventually prove to be an embarrassment rather than a decisive agency of success. War has an economy of its own far more ruthless and inexorable than that of peace. It insists above everything upon the sacrifice of the non-essential to the essential; and the only possible way of sacrificing the non-essential to the essential is to draw upon a plan which defines the immediate objective and subordinates the various special activities to its achievement. Without such a plan success in war is merely a matter of good luck. If any such plan has ever been formed there is no evidence of it in the record. We freely admit the difficulty of framing and executing the needed plan.

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Americans have not been accustomed to the application of scientific methods to business and political organization, which is what we mean by good planning. To formulate a plan and to put it into effect will jerk American life from its familiar anchorage and create particular consternation among the Congressmen and business men who are now criticising the President. Congress has always hated plans and scientific organization as the devil hates holy water. But if an effective plan is not adopted and carried out, the responsibility should belong to Congress and not to the administration. Now, if ever, is the moment to rescue American National business from disorder, drift, waste, and futility and impose on it the educative experience of knowing what it wants to do and seeking economically and resourcefully and resolutely to do it.

What is at Stake in Russia

WITH the All-Russian Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, scheduled to meet this week, rests the future fate of Russia. A definite crisis has been reached in the peace negotiations with the Germans. A most important announcement was made last week by the Russian government in connection with the Brest-Litovsk parleys. It declared Germany's object to be "the annexation of Poland, Lithuania, Courland, Riga, parts of Livonia, Moon Sound and the islands, with the purpose of the complete economic and political suffocation of Russia," and described it as monstrous. For the Bolsheviki to talk of "economic suffocation" is new and significant. It is an indirect admission of nationalism. The unanimity of the Russian delegation in its rejection of the Prussian terms is even more important. It is a forecast of the attitude likely to be assumed by the Congress of Councils.

It should be clear in the American mind by this time that the government of Lenine and Trotzky is directly responsible to the Council of Workmen and Soldiers. In Petrograd there is a local Council as well as an Executive Committee of all of Russia's proletarian Councils. This committee is elected by the All-Russian Congress which meets every two or three months. The present Congress will, upon its closure, leave such an Executive Committee in charge in Petrograd. However, while the Congress is in session it constitutes absolutely the highest authority in the country. Lenine's government has rejected the German peace terms. The Congress of Councils can either confirm this rejection or reverse it, and its vote would be binding and decisive.

The possibility of the All-Russian Congress submitting to the Teutons and accepting their terms for the sake of peace cannot be eliminated from consideration. If the Allies had had the vision of joining Russia at the peace table, in reply to her frequent invitations, then Germany would not have been in a position now to point to the continuation of the war against the Allies as a reason for her inability to evacuate the occupied parts of Russia. This reason the Russians cannot help recognizing. Neither can they help condemning the Allied governments for their attitude toward the Russian peace effort. Taking into consideration the terrible suffering of the people, the elemental longing for peace, the lack of moral and material support from foreign democracies and, finally, the Bolshevik negation of the state as such, one can imagine a combination of circumstances that would lead the Congress of Councils to bow to Prussia. The representatives of the Russian proletariat would do it only to rise again, in the words of Trotzky, with the German and Austrian proletariat against their common oppressors.

The probabilities, however, point in the direction of a rejection of the German terms. The Austrian revolutionary movement, whether it results in a successful revolution or not, is bound to have an enormous effect in Russia. It is more than an endorsement of Bolshevik tactics. It holds out to the Russian workmen the promise of an immediate realization of their ultimate aim, a European political and social revolution. Let us suppose for a moment that the Austrian revolution triumphs. The result would be more than the conclusion of a separate peace between Austria and Russia. It would mean the instantaneous creation of a Russian-Austrian proletarian union. The southern half of the eastern front would evaporate. Millions of Russian soldiers would swarm into Austria-Hungary to defend the revolution there against the German armies that would in all likelihood be despatched by Prussia against the revolutionaries. Any attempt to calculate the further consequences of the fusion of the Russian and Austrian revolutions at this writing cannot go beyond the indication that Italy and Germany would in all probability be the next victims of the revolutionary tide.

A third course of action seems to be open to the Congress of Councils, and that is another appeal to the Allied democracies for a joint war aims meeting, such as advocated by the Social Revolutionary party. Such a conference would have as its aim the waging of an absolutely "Holy War" against the Teutons. America and Russia are fit for such a role, but some of the Allied governments would have to undergo a moral cleansing before being acceptable to the Russians for such a task. Thus, again, the Allies may find themselves in possession of the key to the Russian situation. At this writing

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the moment has not apparently arrived yet for any joint action. When an opportunity does present itself for a Russo-Allied war aims meeting, will the Allies seize it without delay to make an effort not only to restore Russia to the anti-Teutonic coalition, but to save her from a bloody fratricidal war? Or will another "Too Late!" mark the last chance the present Allied governments may have of saving the unhappy Russian democracy from ruin?

As regards the internal situation, the Congress of Councils will have to pass on the issue of sovereignty as between itself and that of the Constituent Assembly, the dissolution of which was ordered last week by the government of Lenine and Trotzky. For twenty-five years the two wrote numberless pamphlets and manifestoes ending with the invariable "Down with Czarism! Long Live the All-Popular Constituent Assembly!" The idea of the Constituent Assembly was no mere incident in the revolutionary philosophy of the present rulers of Russia, but a rock-ribbed foundation of the new order of life to be created after the overthrow of the autocracy. It was with the cry for the immediate call of the Constituent Assembly on their lips that Trotzky hurried from New York and Lenine from Switzerland ten months ago to free Russia. The government of Lvov-Miliukov was accused by the Bolshevik leaders of wilfully postponing the elections to the Assembly in the interests of the bourgeoisie. The régime of Kerensky was condemned by Lenine and Trotzky for its tardiness in calling the Assembly. To no small degree was this condemnation responsible for the fall of the Provisional Government.

It is essential to realize that the idea of the Constituent Assembly is in Russia today the last symbol of progressive nationalism. Before and after the revolution of last March all the parties, factions and classes of Russia acknowledged and preached the supreme sovereignty of the Constituent Assembly. Its hold on the masses was indeed enormous. The Bolsheviki, the party of the undiluted proletariat, contributed by their agitation a great deal to the popular reverence for the Assembly. Its prestige was enhanced through the most democratic franchise yet devised in our world, providing for absolute universal suffrage and proportional representation.

The Bolshevik government, upon assuming authority, proceeded to emphasize the importance of the Assembly by taking immediate action for its election. The excuse now given by the Bolsheviki for the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly as a body belonging to the Kerensky régime can hardly be expected to stand up even in Russia at the present time. The elections were held under the auspices of the present government. Nobody even in Russia will doubt that had the Assembly been composed largely of Bolsheviki it would never have been dissolved. The dissolution constitutes the first distinct violation by the Bolshevik government of a fundamental principle of the revolution, and may foreshadow the downfall of the Bolshevik rule even as Miliukov's note pledging Russia "to a strict regard for its engagements with the Allies" and Kerensky's failure to revise the Allies' war aims brought about their fall.

The significance of the issue confronting the Congress of Councils can be understood only when viewed from the point of view of a struggle of nationalism and internationalism. Really, why did the Bolshevik government dissolve the Constituent Assembly? Because the latter, being the representative of the whole nation, was clearly in the way of the Bolshevik aim of the international dictatorship of the proletariat. Each nationality is to be dominated, according to the Lenine-Trotzky theory, by its proletariat, as represented in a council of workmen and soldiers. All the nationalities of a country are to be governed by a parliament of proletarian councils. Finally, all Europe, after having passed through a series of revolutions or one colossal revolutionary wave, is to be under the dictatorship of the European proletariat, as represented by a parliament of all the national proletariats.

This scheme of Lenine and Trotzky is not new. There is a whole literature in Russia's revolutionary journalism devoted to it. The Bolsheviki aim to prepare Russia for this new internationalism. If a struggle were therefore to take place in the All-Russian Congress of Councils as a result of the dissolution of the Assembly, who would be the contending forces? On one side there would be the Bolsheviki, fighting for the supremacy of the Council of Workmen. On the other, the Social Revolutionaries, championing the cause of the Constituent Assembly. These two parties comprise today almost the whole of the revolutionary democracy. The first element stands for proletarian internationalism. The second for national socialism. The leaders of the first are Lenine, Trotzky, Lunacharsky. The leaders of the second are Tchernoff, Kerensky, Breshkovskaya.

However, the biggest fact relating to these two elements is that the Bolsheviki are the party of the proletariat and the Social Revolutionaries the party of the peasants. Reduced to its simplest terms, then, the two contending forces in Russia today are the workmen and peasants. It may not be amiss to state here that before the overthrow of Czarism it was the Social Revolutionary party that employed "Terror" as a legitimate means of fighting the autocracy, and was chiefly responsible for the assas-

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sination of the most hated of the Czar's bureaucrats.

The decisive factor in the case of a crisis is of course bound to be the army. Politically the Russian army is not a unit. Two months ago it had about sixty per cent of Social Revolutionaries in its ranks. There is naturally no way of measuring the Social Revolutionary influence in the army today. It surely must have decreased as a result of the active peace policy of the Bolsheviki. And yet, should the latter have nothing definite to offer to the peace-yearning soldiers, the Social Revolutionary plan of a Russo-Allied conference might win the favor of the Congress. In that event, the present government would give way to a coalition ministry, representing all the elements of the revolutionary democracy.

Reserve Stocks of Necessities

WHO is responsible for the coal crisis? The government, which originally fixed prices for coal at a level too low, so many operators allege, for maximum output? The railways, which permitted their private interests in maintaining competitive advantages to take precedence over the public interest in the fullest possible transportation service? The shippers, who persisted in using cars for storage purposes, thus depleting the available supply of rolling stock, blocking the terminals, immobilizing mile upon mile of switch tracks? The distributors at the terminals, who were unwilling to pay wages sufficient to command at all times the maximum amount of labor that could be applied to the work? Such questions are puzzling the average citizen, just now. It is to be hoped that satisfactory answers to them will be forthcoming. But if we then imagine that we have reached the bottom of the problem, we shall have missed the chief lesson of the crisis.

A coal shortage produces a crisis of the first order because coal is an essential of social efficiency and ultimately of life. But coal is only one of a number of necessaries. How well are we assured that what has happened in the case of coal may not happen in the case of other necessaries—cereals, meat, fats, for instance? All these necessaries are required, in a regular flow, by vast populations. But their production is subject to wide variations. Somewhere we must accumulate them in reserves, as the spring floods are impounded in irrigation reservoirs, if we are to make due provision for the even flow upon which the working capacity and ultimately the life of an industrial population depend.

There may have been a time when the responsibility for maintaining reserve stocks of necessities could be placed upon the individual householder. That is not possible today. The reserves of the prudent householder in a modern city consist as a rule in bank deposits. We expect to command food and clothing and heat, as we require them, so long as our command over purchasing power remains unimpaired. But we are as dependent, collectively, upon reserve stocks of physical goods as we were formerly dependent individually. The responsibility for maintaining such stocks, however, has been shifted to various business agencies. Do we ever pause to consider whether these agencies are adequate to perform the work thus imposed upon them?

The coal supply of a great city may be an extreme instance, but it is the extreme instance that is illuminating. Where is New York's reserve stock of coal? Not in the consumers' coal bins; great numbers of consumers have space for the storage of only a few days' supply. Not at the mouth of the mines. Most mines deliver the coal from the tipple to the cars; if cars are not forthcoming the mines close down. Not in the yards of the coal dealers. It has been estimated that the coal yards of New York carry only enough coal for four or five days' needs. The reserve stock of coal for New York consists chiefly of coal in cars en route or jammed into the miscellaneous freights at the terminals, and of coal dumped into barges that may or may not be able to cross the Hudson. The system is an economical one and usually works well. Two storms and a heavy export movement have proved too much for it. What if we had had three storms, or a great strike, or a German submarine loose in the harbor?

Where are our stocks of wheat—not merely our American stocks, but those of the nations? What provision existed anywhere, in 1914, for a really bad harvest, or a war, or a war combined with bad harvests? France had within her own boundaries enough wheat to supply her needs until the product of her harvests should be fit for milling. German stocks were hardly more adequate. The British stock represented perhaps ten weeks' consumption. America had, in addition to a supply that would last domestic consumers until the new wheat came to mill, the usual surplus for exportation. The reserve stock that was to insure the peoples against starvation was scattered over the world, some in elevators near the points of production, some warehoused in the shape of flour, much of it on board ship or in railway cars. Was the stock adequate to meet such extreme contingencies as might have occurred? There was no one who could have said, in August 1914, precisely what the world's stock of wheat amounted to.

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There were, indeed, men who knew enough about wheat production and wheat consumption to predict price changes with approximate accuracy. Only indirectly did they ever concern themselves with the problem of maintaining stocks commensurate with the possible needs of the peoples.

To our commercial organization we entrust the duty of maintaining our reserve stocks of necessities. And in the normal case this confidence in the commercial organization is justified. The dealer may take little thought of the social service he is executing when he buys wheat and stores it. For the most part he concerns himself only with the profit that is to be had by purchasing wheat when it is cheap and selling it when it is dear. So the coal dealer who fills all his available room in the summer thinks of the profit to be had from coal acquired at a low price and saleable at a higher price. Here we have the only motive that operates to provide us with reserve stocks. Is the outlook for next year's crop bad? Then it is good business to buy up wheat now and accept the storage charges and the shrinkage in the hope that next year's prices will be high. Does experience point to recurrent coal famines? Then it will pay dealers to secure additional storage space and buy heavily in the season of low consumption.

The private motive for carrying reserve stocks is nothing more than the desire for scarcity prices. Against the profit from scarcity prices must be set the costs of storage, insurance, depreciation, and interest on money invested. The difference may be adequate to justify private business in making provision for contingencies that are relatively frequent. If New York had a coal famine every year it might pay the private coal dealers to carry a stock sufficient for an additional ten days' or two weeks' consumption, if at times of famine they were permitted to charge whatever the consumer could be made to pay. But here private enterprise encounters two serious obstacles. The first is that while famines occur only sporadically, the rents for additional storage space and the interest on reserve stocks accumulate steadily. Who shall guarantee the dealer that famine prices will cover these costs? And the second obstacle is that the state cannot allow dealers to charge famine prices for objects of universal necessity. It was practicable for Joseph, in the seven years of famine, to charge prices for grain that stripped the Egyptians of their movables and lands, then of their wives and children and finally of their own liberty. Doubtless Joseph recovered the King's storage charges. But the Egyptian proletariat had never thought of the social revolution.

For private merchants to maintain stocks of the necessities of life in reserve against rare contingencies would be a highly speculative enterprise, even if we were willing to permit famine prices. Since we cannot permit famine prices, it is necessarily a losing enterprise. Hence this curious result. It is impossible, physically, for the consumer to provide himself with reserve stocks. It is impossible financially for private enterprise to make such provision. At bottom, then, it is nobody's fault if our great cities find themselves shivering in a storm. It would be nobody's fault if a crop failure afflicting a great part of the northern hemisphere made us all go hungry.

But is it not reassuring that except in time of war there has been no serious famine in the western world for half a century? Not so reassuring as would at first appear. This was the half century of exploitation of virgin lands, when food supplies showed a constant tendency to outrun consumption. Where are the virgin lands to save us from the results of our institutional improvidence in the next half century?

Like the prudent household of precapitalistic times, we shall have to make provision for adequate reserve stocks of the necessities of life. We cannot do this through individual efforts nor through the mechanism of private enterprise. The function is necessary, but it will not pay. It is then one which must sooner or later be undertaken by the state. The nation as a whole is suffering under the coal crisis. It will be the nation as a whole that will suffer when a genuine food crisis overtakes us. Such crises, if they recur too frequently, are of public concern not merely because they affect the welfare of all. They are of more immediate public concern because they set large sections of the population against the state and the economic system that it protects, and, if sufficiently grave, might even threaten its destruction.

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The Downfall of World Dominion

WILL the world of the future be, as it is today, a collection of great empires, menacing each other and dominating or protecting their lesser neighbors? Will the map of the world a hundred years hence be the kind of thing it now is, changed from its present form only so far as the frontier lines may be differently drawn, to mark the new gains and losses of territory to the various powers as they have been caused by conquest or negotiations? Or will a time have come when the juxtaposition of colored patches, with black lines drawn round their edges, will tell us little or nothing of the organization of the human race, but have to be replaced by something more akin to a nerve chart of the human body? Or, putting the question somewhat differently, will the map of the future be a purely geographical document? The map of the present is both geographical and political, and the political interest of it overrides the geographical. As we look at the sheet we say, pointing to one patch, "here is Russia"; to another, "here is Germany"; to another, "here is the United States," and so on; and a vision of international relations, of national rivalries, of possible wars rises before the mind's eye. But is the determination of politics by geography a permanent fact of human history? Will the time ever come when the essential outlines of the political life of mankind can no longer be represented by the mechanical division of the earth's surface into territorial areas, when the colored patches will disappear, and the black lines round the edges be rubbed out; when, in short, the map of the world will no longer be a map of mankind but a purely geographical document confining itself to the natural features in the distribution of land and sea, rivers, lakes, plains, valleys, chains of mountains and the dwelling places of men?

Only in a world so arranged that its political constitution would have to be represented by a nerve chart, instead of a territorial map, should we have good ground for anticipating permanent peace. It is certainly the ideal which those who desire peace should keep in mind and work for; though it may well be that even the attainment of that ideal would not make peace absolutely assured. On the other hand we may say, with the same modest degree of confidence, that so long as the polity of mankind rests on its present territorial basis, war will continue as a recurrent feature of history. Alterations of detail, even of large detail, in the frontiers of states will make no difference to the fundamental danger. Multiplication of states caused by the large splitting up into small will make no difference. Fusion of states until the whole earth is divided between half a dozen great powers will make no difference. Adjustments, balances, rectifications will make no difference. All these have been tried over and over again as a means of insuring peace to the world. The authors of these arrangements, the various treaties of peace which from time to time have mocked the hopes of Europe, have failed in each case to realize that war is inherent to the territorial division of mankind and is as little to be avoided by one mode of division as by another. You cannot draw the frontiers of states in any way which excludes the possibility of their being, or of their thinking themselves to be, a menace to each other's existence, which menace is bound to express itself sooner or later in war. War is not an accident of the territorial system which you can get rid of or exorcise while leaving the system intact; and some of the greatest mistakes we have made in the past, and are repeating now, arise from our treating war as though it were precisely that sort of avoidable accident. It is the inevitable expression of the whole body of motives which have created the territorial states and maintained them in being, and by no human contrivance can you ever dissociate the one thing from the other. If anyone thinks otherwise, it can only be because he has shut his eyes to the process by which the existing states of the world have come to be what they now are, and, which is more fatal, to the human motives which have been the actuating forces of their creation. They were conceived in ambition and born in war, and they will remain true to their nature to the end of the chapter.* I say this without prejudice to the question as to whether war is a good thing for man or an evil. Before we discuss that question, which is important enough, it were well if we could be brought to see that war, whether good or evil, is a thing which we shall have to face so long as the territorial division of the earth remains in being as the basis of international relations.

Surely if there is one object lesson which the present war teaches more plainly than another it is this. The war has come in spite of the widespread desire of the peoples to live at peace with one another, in spite also of immense efforts made by the great majority of the world's statesmen to

*I beg to refer the reader to an article of mine in the Hibbert Journal for October, 1917, in which I have set out my full reasons for this view.

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keep the peace, all of which desires and efforts have been overwhelmed by the inherent tendencies of the territorial system. We lay too much stress on the existence of war parties here or there, regarding these as solely chargeable with what has happened. It is the nature of the territorial system to produce war parties. It does not produce them everywhere; nor do those that it does produce all appear at the same time. But *somewhere* there is always one war party at least to give expression to the innermost nature of the system in which all the nations are involved together. And one is enough, though often there are more. There may be an immense preponderance of public opinion in favor of peace in all the nations concerned, not excepting that in which the war party is active. But the territorial system is so accustomed to war by its history, so adapted to war by its structure, so prone to war by the motives which maintain it, that a slight impulse delivered at a critical moment is enough to propel the whole unstable mass down a path from which there is no retreat.

A League of Nations, if composed of the present or similar territorial units, would abolish none of these causes. It would merely transfer the seat of their operation. Instead of breaking out at detached points of an unorganized world, they would now break out *within the organization.* The territorial states would quarrel over the keeping of the peace—for it is their nature so to do. We are too apt to regard peace-keeping as though it were by its nature a purely peaceable occupation, and to think that mutual goodwill and a spirit of sweet reasonableness would dominate the proceedings throughout. And this, no doubt, is what it would be, if the parties engaged in it were, by their history, structure and habits, peace-keeping units. But territorial states are essentially fighting units, and there is nothing about which they quarrel so surely and swiftly as about peace-keeping. To such states peace is always the most provocative of questions; the very seed-plot of the mutual distrust, suspicion, jealousies, fears and misunderstandings which give rise to war. The origin of the present war is a notable example to anybody who will study its phases with unprejudiced eyes. As I have said, the majority of European statesmen were working desperately for peace. So was President Wilson. I say nothing of Germany; but it is noteworthy that she gives the same account of their own statesmanship, and so far at least as Bethmann-Hollweg is concerned I believe it is true. Be that as it may, the negotiations which took place in the fateful days were in the main peace-keeping efforts. The result was war.

If a preponderance of public opinion and a preponderance of statesmanship could maintain peace surely the present war would never have broken out. Peace was what the majority wanted and what the majority didn't get. Possibly, though this is doubtful, it was what everybody wanted but nobody got. The effort for peace made on either side was instantly suspected by the other as a covert for sinister designs.* And this is exactly what we should expect from a number of territorial states whose nature as fighting units, organized for the purpose of resisting or overcoming each other's pressure, condemns them to mutual suspicion from the outset.

There are those who believe that this kind of thing could never happen if we had had democratic control of foreign policy. Now nobody believes in democratic control more than I do, and I may add that my faith extends even to the control of foreign policy. But here I venture to draw a distinction which seems to me of the utmost importance. "Foreign policy" is a vague term which may mean all sorts of things, almost anything, according to the predominant interest of the person who is talking about it. One will be thinking of commerce, another of civilization and "culture," another of general goodwill among the nations, another of the brotherhood of mankind, and so forth. And so long as we think of foreign policy as concerned with these things, which are great things, and some of them paramount, the argument for democratic control is manifest and irresistible. But the actual foreign policy of the existing territorial states is concerned with something else. It turns upon questions which are either directly or indirectly connected with the exigencies of war, which involve the adjustment of war strains and war pressures possible or actual, the balance of military force and the distribution of military opportunities. The needs of the state as a fighting unit, whose lot it may be at any moment to hold its position intact amid the surrounding pressures, or to defend its possessions from plunder, must never be lost sight of—they are indeed the ultimate considerations involved. Not only is the whole business of alliances, no small part of foreign policy, due to this cause, but every outpost of empire, every trade route, every railway, every coaling station presents a problem which cannot be solved apart from its military significance. Now so long as foreign policy takes this form and is subject to these considerations I venture to say that democratic control of it is impossible. And that for plain reasons.

All the questions I have named, which form the

* This is plainly seen, for example, in the negotiations that went on between Berlin and Petrograd.

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inevitable *corpus* of foreign policy between territorial states, are of such a nature that they can only be met by rapid decisions. I do not mean that they have to be solved in an instant, though some of them must, but that on the whole they are precisely that class of questions which brook the least delay. The strong points must be swiftly seized, or your rivals will seize them ahead of you. The weak points must be swiftly abandoned, or their possession will be turned to your advantage. The essence of the situation is that there must be no waiting, or no waiting beyond a proximate date. You cannot choose your moment for action, but must act at a moment which is dependent on the movements of your rivals, over whom you have no control, democratic or otherwise. There is no time, no opportunity, for consulting the will of the people. And even if there were you would not get a clear answer. There is a myth abroad that the people have always a clear answer ready, to send by telegraph as it were, to any question of foreign policy that may be submitted to them. This most assuredly is not the case since, in many instances, the questions have never arisen till the moment when the sudden action of a foreign power forces them into being. And even when the questions are familiar (for example, shall we abandon Egypt?) the people are by no means like-minded in the answer they would give. Long discussion, protracted perhaps for many years, as in the tragic Irish problem, would be necessary before the people could make up their minds as to what they wanted. Hence, there is the prospect of indefinite delay, the very thing which the situation will not tolerate. In domestic politics we do tolerate it, though at how great a cost! But in foreign politics —that is, of the particular kind I am now considering—it would involve the prompt ruin of the state as a territorial unit, beset on every side by strains and pressures, and subject to the sudden impact of hostile designs on the part of other powers. So long as the states maintain their character as fighting units, which is inherent in their territorial organization, and face each other in that character, the people can never be masters of the situation.

The delay which all popular discussion involves, and which would be especially great and especially fatal to the type of questions now covered by " foreign policy," is due in no small measure to the immense size, both in territory and population, which the great empires of the world have now attained. The effect of this has not been sufficiently considered. Owing to the almost unimaginable number of human beings who are now gathered together in a great state, and to the endless diversity of elements of which the population is composed, there is room for a multitude of cross currents of opinion, whose clash and jostle may go on for years or even generations before they can settle their accounts and come to a clear issue. In these vast communities likemindedness, effective likemindedness, becomes exceedingly difficult to attain in regard to anything whatsoever. This is a point which is well worthy of consideration in regard to domestic politics—though here too it has been greatly overlooked. When a democratic community has reached a certain size, every further increment tends to make it slower in making up its mind as to what it really wants, to prolong delay in the solution of pressing problems, and therewith to increase the loss and suffering which are caused while the matters in dispute are held in suspense. But this rule or tendency, important as it is in domestic affairs, is yet more evident in regard to foreign policy. As the fighting units grow bigger and bigger they become more and more insusceptible of democratic control in their mutual relations; and this not only because the period of delay is extended, but also because the impact of these huge masses upon one another is more sudden and critical and therefore more exigent in the demand for swift and decisive action.

I believe, at least I fervently hope, that the present war will end in the establishment of democracy as the only system by which this earth can be governed—or, as I should prefer to say organized, since democracy, in my mind, is not so much a system of " government " as a mode of dispensing with government. But the certain sequel, or perhaps accompaniment, of the triumph of democracy will be the breakdown of the present territorial system of the world. The two things cannot coexist. With the triumph of democracy the type of world dominion represented by a mechanically divided map of the world, to say nothing of the particular development of world dominion which has been the bad dream of Germany, is irrevocably doomed. What will take its place is a question which I do not here discuss. I content myself with saying that its place will be taken by something better. The territorial system has been a necessary stage in human development. It has served its purpose and left us vast legacies of character and wisdom from which the future will be built up. Perhaps on the future map of the world we shall see not a few great states but a multitude of little ones. But as states their nature will be very different from those which provide the problems of " foreign policy " as we now know it. They will not be fighting units. Nor does their multitude necessarily mean that mankind is to be dispersed, divided, unorganized. A thousand little states may be more closely united than a dozen

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big ones, *provided their ethos is sound.* Many or few, we are assuredly justified in hoping that they will not present a spectacle of disunion—absurd if it were not so tragic—comparable to the present human chaos, which is so aptly disguised by the neat colors and clear divisions of the map of the world as it hangs on our walls today.

L. P. JACKS.

The Control of Meat

The Food Administration—II

LAST summer those searching for signs of internal trouble in Germany naturally followed the Reichstag crises and newspaper editorials, but they looked more curiously than elsewhere at the food reports. They discovered that the supply of bread grains was sufficient, with the new Rumanian crop, and that the potato yield was good. But they found also reports of a great shortage of feeds, and noted the resulting increase in the slaughter of cattle. This slaughter was accompanied by articles in the German press showing that it would temporarily add to the meat supply, but was withdrawing from the market the dairy products, with their high nutritive value and necessary fats. The observers noted also that breeding was necessarily diminished, so that in the end a still larger meat and dairy scarcity would be created. At the same time they read the tragic statistics showing an increase in tuberculosis and dysentery, and in the deaths of children, symptoms of failing strength in an undernourished people. The revelation of this slow progression toward famine brought a sense of horror, relieved only by the knowledge that hunger is the mother of revolutions.

It is therefore disquieting to find that the Central Powers are not the only nations which have been losing their livestock. The German armies took from Belgium and France about 1,800,000 head, and the herds of France a year ago had already been decreased through all causes by 16.6 per cent. France is producing today only one gallon of milk to every two and a half gallons produced before the war. England, too, has been cutting into her capital stock of food animals, and has put some 2,400,000 acres of former grass and hay lands into grain-growing. Altogether the cattle, sheep, and hogs of the Allies, not including the United States, have been reduced by over 33,000,000 head since 1914, and the stocks of the world by over 115,000,000. It was at once plain to the Food Administration that the United States must, both during the war and after the conclusion of peace, be ready to export a vast surplus of meat and dairy products.

The most sorely needed element of these foods is the fat. Since pork furnishes much fat, and hogs can be raised more quickly than dairy cattle, American hog production was the first point of attack. Mr. Hoover was therefore much concerned to discover that whereas, before 1916, eighty-six per cent of our hogs had been slaughtered every year, ninety-six per cent were slaughtered in the fiscal year of 1916-17, and that the average weight had fallen from 219 to 211 pounds. This meant that our stock of hogs was being rapidly reduced—by last fall it had gone about 5,000,000 below normal. What was the trouble? Increased demand for one thing, of course, but if farmers believed this demand would continue, they would naturally be expected to increase hog-raising rather than reduce it. They were evidently selling off their stocks because it paid less to keep them. Commissions of hog-raisers, packers and consumers were appointed to investigate. They began with the cost of production, and found that corn, the principal feed for hogs, had been rising in price much more rapidly than the price of the hogs themselves. They found that for the ten years ending 1916 the average price for one hundred pounds of hog had equaled the average price for 11.67 bushels of corn, and that at this ratio hog-raising had been carried on with some slight profit. The existing ratio was much smaller.

If hog-raising were to be increased, the farmer must be assured a good profit. The establishment of a fixed price would be a clumsy, and perhaps ineffectual, way of achieving this result. But why not give the farmer a profit by promising him a price which should vary with the price of corn? The commissions so recommended, and the Food Administration announced that it would try to secure for the farmer a price for every hundred pounds of hog equal to the average price during the raising period for every thirteen bushels of corn. Allowing a little for higher costs of labor and materials, this would give the farmer confidence. As a result of this policy, a decided increase in hogs is already apparent. How is the price to be assured? Only by control of the packers. The Food Administration has no authority to fix prices by decree, but it has authority to license dealers in foodstuffs, and without such a license no dealer can continue in business. The

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Administration can also play a large part in the determination of prices through its control of food buying for the Allies, the Belgian Relief Commission, the army and the navy. And it has a general oversight over prices because it was given power to prevent "unreasonable" profits. If a packer makes too much profit, the Administration can tell him either to reduce his prices to consumers or to increase the prices to producers. Otherwise the excess goes into the United States Treasury.

Control of the packers was necessary, of course, for many purposes besides the stabilization of pork prices. To achieve it and exercise it was a large task in diplomacy and administration. A meat division was established with headquarters at Chicago; as its chief was appointed a keen and public-spirited lawyer used to the abstruse ways of large business and finance, Mr. Joseph P. Cotton. He had the licensing, buying, and profit-limiting powers of the government at his back, but he was negotiating with some of the most comprehensive, rich and strong corporations in the country. Just because their monopoly is so nearly complete, their machinery must be utilized and their help secured. The government could, at a pinch, refuse licenses to Swift and Armour, but this would be a double-edged weapon. To coerce the packers by actually wielding it would be as damaging as to coerce labor at the cost of paralyzing strikes. But Mr. Cotton enlisted the coöperation of the packers on terms not unreasonable to the rest of the nation.

In order to discourage speculative buying and selling and thus stabilize prices, the first necessity was to limit profits. After many conferences, a plan of limitation was worked out. It was necessary to recognize two classes of packers, one comprising the hundreds of small ones throughout the country who cannot store great stocks, and whose manufactured products are not so diversified, and the other comprising the five large packers who rule the bulk of the meat business and also make and distribute quantities of elaborated products not used for food, such as soap, leather, glue and fertilizer. The first class is permitted to earn an annual net profit of 2.5 per cent on their total sales. The second class is subject to this restriction, and is further limited to an annual profit on their meat business equivalent to nine per cent of the capital necessary for that business. This "meat business" is defined as including all foods, fresh or prepared, which are of animal origin, and also operation of cars and marketing branches, and all immediate by-products of livestock such as hides, wool, fat, bones, offal, and tankage, but not the manufactured specialty products. The specialty business is being investigated separately, but pending a decision profits in it are limited to fifteen per cent on the investment. Elaborate regulations and accounting are necessary to make sure that the meat profit is not diverted to or concealed in the specialty business. The small packers must be protected against the manipulation of prices by these means, and, furthermore, pork prices must not be adjusted at the expense of beef or mutton, or vice versa. Control of such matters is among the important duties of the Chicago staff.

What is the Food Administration doing to safeguard the farmer in increasing his herds of cattle and sheep? Here no standard like the corn ratio can be established, since there is no dominant kind of feed, and the animals themselves show a much wider variation in use and value. A number of activities, however, have been developed. Millers manufacturing bran and dealers in coarse grains have already been licensed, and now all other manufacturers and dealers in commercial feeds are to be licensed. Thus hoarding and speculation are prevented, and prices may be stabilized. To say this, however, gives no idea of the complications involved. If milling profits have been reduced to the lowest practicable level, to reduce the price of flour must increase the price of bran, and vice versa. The amount of the grain used in flour is also a factor. Striking the right balance here is one of the strategic undertakings which knit together various divisions of the Food Administration, since the milling division must manage the millers mainly in the interest of breadstuffs, whereas the by-product of feed is a vital element of the meat division's task. Regulation of transportation is also necessary. Feeds must be distributed according to need, and consumed as near as possible to the point of production. Here the transportation division of the Food Administration steps in. Its emergency action in aiding the Texas Food Administration to send existing feeds where they were most needed, and shift cattle to new ranges, recently saved from starvation in the southwest drouth district over 2,000,000 head of cattle, enough meat to supply an army of a million men a year.

As for dairy products, the stabilization of prices demands a still different group of administrative organs. Prices must be high enough to prevent farmers from slaughtering their dairy cows, but they must not be so high as to draw many farmers from the growth of other essentials, or to be unjust to the consumer. Within the business itself competing demands must be adjusted. The condensed milk industry, expanded enormously to supply army commissariats, has been a disturbing factor, and prices of canned milk must be balanced with the prices for cheese, butter, and milk used

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by local consumers. Some of these factors are international, some national, and some local. They are therefore variously controlled by Allied and army buying, by licensing, and by local milk committees representing the interested factions of each community.

To encourage the increase of meat and dairy products and arrange their flow to the consumer as well as possible, coöperative associations of farmers, of distributors and of consumers must be formed to a far greater extent than hitherto. Individual farmers cannot bargain collectively for feeds or distribute them intelligently, they cannot send their livestock to market or withhold it in such a way as to avoid gluts and scarcities. While the Food Administration can furnish the impetus and confidence necessary for concluding agreements, government decrees alone cannot accomplish the necessary results. Coöperative group action is essential.

The control of meat is, of course, only one of the many functions of Mr. Hoover's organization. A future article will explain what has been done about wheat and grains. There are also fish, canned goods, and perishables of all sorts, each business with its separate perplexities demanding appropriate action, yet each interwoven with all the others. Owing to the inquisition of that odd Senatorial triumvirate, Reed, Lodge and Vardaman, the public has heard more about sugar than anything else, and has had a chance to judge how difficult was the task of making inadequate supplies go round, at the same time not letting the price rise to impossible heights. A discussion of this matter will be included in a subsequent article on prices.

Even this superficial account of the Food Administration's beginning in the control of meat and dairy products shows dimly that, while it is trying to relieve a temporary distress in specific ways, it is weaving a striking economic fabric, whose design is centred upon a rich and ultimate unity of interest, and reaches out into a slowly revealed and intricate pattern of autonomous and balanced groups. One cannot touch this fabric at any point without being led to the centre, and off again into its furthest borders. The task of the administrator begins with understanding and analysis of the needs of the nation as a whole, and then proceeds to a disentangling of the interests involved, and adjustment of their relations with each other. It ends and rests upon the coöperative action of the various groups. It is a hint of the possible liberation of democratic society into its just functional organization, one in which the final interest of each will really be the final interest of all.

GEORGE SOULE.

"And the Earth Was Dry"

LIKE all great ideas it seemed perfectly simple when Harrod first disclosed it to his unimportant partner John Prentiss.

"Of course we'll get back of it. We've got to," said Harrod, in the sanctity of the director's room. "You've been down to Hopeville on pay day. It's the limit. Ordinary days there's practically no trouble. Pay day's a madhouse. How many men, do you think, had to have the company doctor last pay day?'

"You don't expect me to answer, Robert," Prentiss replied mildly. "You're telling me, you're not arguing with me."

"Twenty-five, Prentiss, twenty-five drunken swine. What do you think happened? I'll tell you. That doctor never stopped a minute taking stitches, sewing on scalps, mending skulls. He was kept on the hop all day and night all over the town. I'll tell you something more." The sturdy Harrod rapped his fist on the mahogany table, leaning out of his armchair. "The doctor's wife told me a Polack came to her shack at two in the morning with half his thumb hanging off, bitten off in a drunken brawl. What do you think she did, Prentiss? She amputated it herself, on her own hook, just like a little soldier. She's got nerve, let me tell you. But do you think we want to stand for any more of this? Not much. Hopeville is going dry!"

Mr. Harrod produced a gold pen-knife and nicked a cigar emphatically. He brushed the tiny wedge of tobacco from his plump trouser leg on to the bronze carpet. He lit his cigar and got up to have a little strut.

Poor Prentiss looked at him as only a weedy Yankee can look at a man whose cheeks are rosy with arrogant health. Why the stout Harrod who ate and drank as he willed should be proclaiming prohibition, while the man with a Balkan digestive apparatus should be a reluctant listener, no one could have analyzed. It never would have occurred to Prentiss to be so restlessly efficient. But Harrod was as simple as chanticleer. He'd made up his mind.

"We'll back Billy Sunday. His advance agent will be in town this week," Mr. Harrod unfolded. "We'll put the whole industry behind him. Drink is a constant source of inefficiency. It's an undeniable cause. When do we have accidents? On Mondays, regularly. The men come back stupefied from the rotgut they've been drinking, and it's simple luck if they don't set fire to the mine. The Hopeville mine is perfectly safe. Except for that one big disaster we had, it's one of the safest mines in the country. But how can you call any mine safe if the fellows

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handling dynamite and the men working the cage are just as likely as not to have a hangover? We'll stop it. We'll make that town so dry that you can't find a beer bottle in it. It took me some time to realize the common sense of this situation, but it's as clear as daylight, it's ridiculously clear. We're fools, Prentiss, that we didn't advocate prohibition twenty years ago."

"Twenty years ago, Robert," Prentiss murmured, "you were checking coal at the pit-head. You weren't so damned worried about evolving policies for the mineowners twenty years ago."

"Well, well, you know what I mean," Robert Harrod rejoined.

"Perfectly," retorted Prentiss. "And I'm with you, though all the perfumes of Arabia won't cleanse these little hands."

That was the first gospel, so to speak, and Harrod was as good as his word. He saw Sunday's advance agent, he rallied the industry, he lunched with innumerable Christians and had a few painful but necessary political conferences. The prohibitionist manager he discovered to be a splendid fellow—direct, clean-cut, intelligent, indefatigable. The whole great state was won to prohibition after a strenuous preparation and a typically "bitter" campaign.

And everything went well at Hopeville. At first, not unnaturally, there was a good deal of rebellion. A few of the Irish miners talked considerably. Something in them took kindly to the relief from monotony that came with a periodic explosion, and they muttered blasphemously about the prohibitionists, and time hung heavy on their hands. A few of them pulled out, preceded by the gaunt Scotchman who had run the bare "hotel" where most of the whisky was consumed. These were led by a sullen compatriot of their own, a man who was once a fine miner but who had proved his own best customer in the liquor business and whose contour suggested that his body was trying desperately to blow a bulb. One miner left for a neighboring state (still wet) to purchase a pair of boots. He crawled back on foot after a week, minus the new boots, plus a pawn-ticket, and most horribly chewed by an unintelligent watchdog who had misunderstood his desire to borrow a night's lodging in the barn. The drinking haunts were desolate reminders of bygone entertainments for weeks after the law took effect, and few of the younger men could look forward to tame amusement, amusement that had no elysium in it, without a twinge of disgust. But on the whole Hopeville went dry with surprising simplicity. A great many of the miners were neither English, Scotch, Cornish, Welsh nor Irish, but Austrians and Italians and Poles, and these were not so inured to drinking and biting each other as Mr. Harrod might have thought. The mud in Hopeville, it is true, was often from nine inches to four feet deep, and there were no named streets, and no known amusements, and a very slim possibility of distraction for the unmarried men. After prohibition, however, a far from unpleasant club house was founded, with lots of reading material, and a segregated place for home-made music, and bright lights and a fire, and a place to write letters, and a pungent odor of something like syndicalism in the air.

That was the beginning. The men did not detonate on pay-day except in lively conversation. There was less diffused blasphemy. It concentrated rather particularly on one or two eminent men. And when the virtues and defects of these men were sufficiently canvassed, the "system" beyond them was analyzed. Even the delight of the Hunkies in dirt, or the meanness of certain bosses, began to be less engrossing than the exact place in the terrestrial economy where Harrod and Prentiss got off.

"Well, Robert," inquired the man of migraine, back in the home office, "how is your precious prohibition working? It seems to me the doctor's wife is the sole beneficiary so far."

"Working?" the rubicund Harrod responded urgently. "I don't know what we're going to do about it. You can't rely on the men for anything. A few years ago, after all, they took their wages and went over to Mason and blew it all in, or they soaked up enough rum in Hopeville to satisfy themselves, and come back on the job. Now, what do they do? They quit for two weeks when they want to. They quit for a month at a time. And still they have a balance. You can't deal with such men. They're infernally independent. They're impudent with prosperity. I never saw anything like it. We can't stand it. I don't know what we're going to do."

"You're going to back the liquor trade, Robert, of course. That's simple enough."

"You may laugh, but it is too late, I tell you, the harm's done. We can't remedy it. National prohibition is right on top of us. I don't know what we'll do."

"Sell 'em Bevo. That'll keep them conservative. Ever drink it?"

"Bevo? Conservative? Prentiss, this is serious. These men are completely out of hand."

"Well, aren't they more efficient?"

"Of course they're more efficient. They're too damnably efficient. They wanted Hopeville drained and they're getting it drained. They'll insist on having it paved next. They'll want hot and cold water. They'll want bathtubs. That'll be the end."

"The end? Now come, Robert, you've successfully survived a bathtub?"

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"It's very amusing to you, Prentiss, but you're in on this with me. We've forced these workingmen into prohibition and now they're sober, they're everlastingly sober. They're making demands and getting away with it. We've got to go on or go under. Wake up, man. I've played my cards. What can we do?'

"What can we do? That is not the point now. Now the point is, what'll *they* do."

F. H.

Responsibility for Railway Chaos

IN a long letter to the New York Times, published January 19th, Mr. George W. Wickersham says concerning the railroads:

> When the war broke out the railroad transportation system of the country was unified, so far as existing legislation would permit, by conducting its operations under the control of a board of the presidents of the principal trunk lines. Their action was restricted by the provisions of the anti-trust laws, which after the extension of the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1906 and 1910 had ceased to have any proper application to railroads and should, as to them, have been repealed. Even so, the commission might largely have removed opposition to the exercise by the carriers of complete and effective coöperation, which was essential to the successful handling of the great increase in traffic resulting from war conditions. Or, had the administration recommended a bill expressly authorizing the operation of the railroads under voluntary coöperation, it assuredly would have been passed.

Nobody should be in a better position than Mr. Wickersham to know that from beginning to end this statement is misleading and in large part not square with the facts. In making such a statement he assists in deepening the impression, industriously cultivated for the last three years, that the deficiencies of the railroads are due entirely to a mistaken policy of the government, and he takes advantage of this impression to make an ill considered criticism of the administration. Few people will assert that the administration is above criticism; but fair minded people will admit that it is not right to base criticism on unsound premises.

The Times, editorially, and dozens of other papers, which are supposed to assist in shaping public opinion and to aid in educating the public, further the cause which Mr. Wickersham represents in this statement. A sample from the Times follows:

> The government, having taken over the railways, discovers that it cannot operate them unless it first takes away their business. This puts the blame back on the government, where it belongs. First, the policy of the government, chiefly a political policy for years, in forbidding railways to make enough money to add to their rolling stock and terminal facilities, and, second, its unsystematized and blundering use of priority orders, have crippled and choked the avenues of transportation, thus producing the very conditions which the suspension order is intending to cure. Mr. Garfield is called to the aid of Mr. McAdoo.

Whence comes this effort to place all the blame for the failure of the railroads on the government and the laws? Why is so little attention ever called to the shameful instances of railroad wrecking and incompetent management which have come to light in recent years? And finally why this persistent effort to distort the truth with regard to the power which the carriers have had voluntarily to combine in the use of their physical facilities?

I hold no brief for the administration nor for the ill considered and unwise policy of railroad regulation that has been pursued in the past. There is not a thoughtful student of railway transportation in the country today who has attempted to defend the government's policy as a whole. But one has a perfect right to object to the brazen attempt made by the railroad interests, supported by their paid representatives and the majority of the public press, to evade their share of the guilt and responsibility for the present lamentable condition of the railroads, to shift the entire blame to the law and the government, and then to make indecent political capital out of gross misstatements of fact.

Where is the law, Mr. Wickersham, which has prevented railroads from coöperating in the use of their facilities? If there is such a law, it surely has not been enforced. Every day for years one could have seen freight trains made up of cars from dozens of railroads. Union passenger terminals are found in several cities in the United States, terminals which have been constructed by the voluntary coöperation of the carriers. It is absurd to say that the carriers have not been permitted to unite in the use of their freight terminal facilities. The New Haven and the Pennsylvania have recently constructed a huge improvement in New York for the more direct interchange of traffic, though it has not been used extensively yet for freight trains, because, I am told, the roads can not agree on the division of earnings. Many cars which ought to pass over the Hell Gate bridge are being ferried on car floats between Harlem Transfer and Greenville Piers.

Why have the railroads not acted voluntarily

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if no law has been in the way? Merely because they will not give up their monopoly control of favorable sites. The officers of the New York Central announce that they have not improved their freight terminal facilities on Manhattan Island for forty years. They had a little time to do it before the laws of which Mr. Wickersham speaks were enacted. As a matter of truth, is any law responsible for the fact that the port of New York has the most wasteful and inefficient terminal system in the world, in the midst of topographical conditions that would permit the construction of a perfectly flexible and efficient terminal? The railroads have been urged for years to make certain definite improvements. Not only have they refused to take advantage of their own opportunities, but they have actually opposed the efforts of others to improve the port of New York. When Mr. Irving T. Bush was endeavoring to give the port of New York one of the greatest single improvements it ever had, the railroad interests steadfastly opposed him, and he went to court to compel the railroads to give him the service which they were under legal obligation to give.

In Pittsburgh, squarely in the centre of one of the greatest coal producing areas in the world, there is a coal shortage, because of railway terminal congestion. Also because of this congestion no through freight can be sent through the Pittsburgh gateway. A few years ago the Wabash Railroad constructed a line into Pittsburgh. The Pennsylvania fought the entrance of the Wabash and made its project finally cost so much that the Wabash went into the hands of a receiver. The two roads together wasted enough money to build at Pittsburgh terminal facilities which could now handle the traffic at that choked and congested centre. Will Mr. Wickersham point out the law that would have prevented the Pennsylvania and the Wabash from coöperating in the construction of a great unified terminal at Pittsburgh?

In Chicago the murderous duplication of tracks, the "Chinese Wall" of railroad property around the centre of the city, closing the streets and checking expansion of the business district, bear witness to the inability of the railroads voluntarily to achieve operating unity. Over two thousand tons of less-than-carload interchange freight are carted through the busiest streets of Chicago every day. For twenty-five years various commissions and civic associations in Chicago have been endeavoring to get the railroad companies to agree to some plan for a comprehensive solution of the terminal problem. A half dozen admirable plans, carefully thought out by competent and brilliant engineers, have been suggested, and not one has been adopted. But no one in Chicago would for a minute endeavor to claim that the law has prevented the solution of Chicago's great terminal problem.

Perhaps Mr. Wickersham would respond that the Sherman Law and the law against pooling prevent the railroads from making the financial arrangements necessary to a system of unified operation. Did the railroads ever attempt to achieve operating unity when there were no such laws? Did not the railroads, before the President assumed charge of them, accomplish everything they once sought to accomplish through pooling? And is it not true that the more clever of the railroad managers have expressed indifference, and even opposition, to the repeal of these particular measures?

The railroads have united voluntarily just as much as they cared to, and no more. They do not even have a system of universal interline billing, though both operating and accounting officials have for years pointed out the saving which such a system would accomplish. Last winter the eastern roads would not abide by their own agreement for the improvement of car service. The chairman of the railroads' own committee reported to the Interstate Commerce Commission the names of a half dozen eastern roads which persisted in "stealing" western cars after they had entered an agreement designed to prevent the continuation of that practice. Mr. Wickersham says "the commission might largely have removed opposition to the exercise by the carriers of complete and effective coöperation." Instead, the western roads were obliged to ask the commission to take control of car service and to compel the eastern roads to give that coöperation which they refused voluntarily to give. Mr. Wickersham surely knows this to be true, and yet he says that the roads were doing as much as they could under the law.

The roads are suffering from congestion. This congestion is not on the main line of tracks; it is at the terminals, and for the physical condition of the terminals the carriers are themselves to blame. They have spent billions of dollars in erecting huge passenger stations, bearing inscriptions, and even monuments, to the memory of the great railroad geniuses to whose inspiration the construction of the stations was due—and they have not improved their freight terminals, many of them, "in forty years." And they put the blame for their failure all on the government.

Both the railroads and the government are partly responsible for the present congestion, to which Mr. Garfield's fuel order was due. The policy of the government has been unwise and harmful, the course of the railroads has been selfish and detrimental to the public service. However, neither the railroads nor the government should be compelled to bear all the blame, and both to-

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gether can not be said to be entirely responsible.

We are at war; and for some reason the business interests have not yet chosen to realize it. Nine-tenths of the business men of the country are either preaching "business as usual" or are urging the people to spend freely and extravagantly, because they think the circulation of money will win the war. The chief reason for the terrible railroad congestion has been the effort to carry on the normal traffic of peace, which before the war began was overtaxing the railroad facilities, and to add to it the tremendous new war traffic without increasing the facilities. And it could not, and can not be done.

Until we can realize that we must cut down on some lines of production, we shall continue to have railroad congestion; and the fuel order is only the first of many orders of a similar nature, and even worse. We have not made a single attempt to reorganize industry on a large scale. When Germany entered the war the whole industrial system of the empire was changed. Even the railroad system was completely reorganized, a fact that few people seem to know. The dozens of small railway systems existing in and operated by the separate German states were taken over by the imperial government, and welded together into a single great unified system under the control of a single administrative authority. Passenger traffic was cut ruthlessly, and the production of the unnecessary and the less necessary articles of ordinary consumption was immediately restricted, or stopped altogether. There has scarcely been a piece of furniture made in Germany since the war began. England tried "business as usual," but soon discovered the mistake.

What have we done? Our only effort to curb the "business as usual" doctrine has been confined to the solitary preaching of a few far-seeing and thoughtful men such as Frank Vanderlip. They have urged voluntary economy as a means of cutting down the production of less essential articles.

How have the newspapers treated the campaign for voluntary economy? There is not a newspaper in New York which has, on its editorial pages, whole-heartedly and earnestly, day after day, supported this movement. The Hearst papers, at the rate of about one huge editorial a week, have even encouraged extravagance and foolish expenditure, and they have endeavored to prejudice the public against Mr. Vanderlip's teaching by asserting that his doctrine of economy, if followed out, would increase the earnings of the banks. In Philadelphia the Public Ledger has editorially advocated extravagant expenditure, and it has also encouraged those individuals who have bought Liberty bonds to use the bonds for the purpose of buying merchandise. The most elementary intellect can realize that a person who buys a bond, and then uses it for what otherwise he would have used the money, had better never have bought the bond at all. An advertisement appearing in the Ledger stated that the campaign to encourage economy was a part of the German propaganda in this country! The advertiser was a jeweler.

"Business as usual" is having its result in choked terminals, car shortages, and coal famines. The public press which has openly or tacitly supported this infamous and injurious doctrine is as much responsible for Garfield's order as any other agency.

Some may inquire why the administration has not compelled the restriction of less necessary business. It certainly should have done so. But suppose it had. There would have been the same wails of anguish that now ascend to heaven when all business is temporarily halted. The press has wilfully and wantonly taught the people that they should deprive themselves of nothing except food; it has opposed the restriction of amusement enterprises, it has opposed the curtailment of any "business." Those who have urged "business as usual" are now heaping maledictions on the head of Secretary McAdoo, because the railway congestion has not been relieved. They think that terminals can be constructed by mere edict, that Mr. McAdoo should have a magic wand which he could wave and cause the congestion to disappear.

Until we can go directly to the cause of all our troubles, the stupid and senseless production of goods which can be dispensed with during the war, we shall never be able to end railroad congestion, and we shall not be able to do our proper share in the war. Until the editors of a few newspapers realize this fact and begin to say so, the present extravagance and hopeless waste and confusion will go on. To advocate openly the curtailment of certain lines of production will mean offense to certain business interests. Each business man will see the desirability of restriction, as long as the restriction is applied to some other man's business, but only to some other man's. The situation calls to mind one of the few stories which Mr. Bryan used to tell in his public speeches. "A man entered a clothing store," said Mr. Bryan, "ostensibly to purchase a suit. He tried on a coat, and while the proprietor's back was momentarily turned he made a dash for the door, and gaining the street started to run away with the stolen garment. The proprietor rushed out, yelling 'Stop, thief,' and took up the chase. A policeman soon joined and ordered the fleeing thief to halt. As the thief kept on running, the policeman drew his pistol,

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whereupon the clothing dealer grabbed the officer's arm and said, 'Mr. Policeman, if you shoot, for God's sake, shoot him in the pants, the coat belongs to me.'"

There is, to my knowledge, only one great retail dealer in the United States who has openly advocated economy and urged the people to lend their money to the government instead of buying goods with it; Edward T. Filene of Boston, a real patriot.

War means sacrifice; and "business" must bear its share. Some must feel the burden of war more than others; that is inevitable. The soldier in the trenches is called upon to make the supreme sacrifice; the man who does nothing but pay an income tax makes some sacrifice. Most of us, as individuals, make our sacrifices willingly, even gladly. However, "business" in the abstract seems to be a sort of fetish, which newspapers worship; and by waving this sacred fetish a host of individuals are endeavoring to avoid the sacrifices which for the sake of the nation must be made.

T. W. Van Metre.

The Senate Speaks?

MR. PRESIDENT, we address to you certain questions of fundamental policy, questions which have never been answered, questions which it is your duty to answer, questions which it is our duty to ask. We have not done our duty. We do it now.

You yourself have pointed our duty out to us. You have said to us, through your letter to Senator Chamberlain, that our inquiries into the conduct of the War Department have taken "indispensable officials of the Department constantly away from their work and have contributed a great deal to such delay and confusion as had inevitably arisen." We should have thought of that. You should have been our first witness.

We are not really interested in the details of the work of Mr. Eisenmann of the Committee on Supplies of the Advisory Commision of the Council of National Defense operating as an agent of the Finished Product Section of the Purchasing Commission of the War Industries Board in the locating of a plant for the sorting of rags to be worked into uniforms to be bought by a major in the Quartermaster Corps. Perhaps Mr. Eisenmann should have been allowed to go on laboring with his rags uninterrupted.

We are not really interested in rags, or uniforms, in their technical details, except in so far as they show us whether or not we have had a competent set of policies, a competent set of plans, at centre of things, at the top of things. You are at that centre. You are at that top.

Under our present system the whole "administrative overhead" of the government of the United States, spending perhaps fifteen billions of dollars in the next fiscal year through a multitude of separated departments, is you and your handful of personal secretaries and clerks in the White House. Outside the White House, in the whole of the rest of Washington, there is no official who is not busy all day long at rags or trenchknives or ships or railway-trains or three-inch guns or meatless days or something else detailed and technical. You have no board of directors. You have only heads of departments. You are our board of directors. And you are our "administrative overhead." You are both of these things, all by yourself. And therefore you are our one possible source of authentic information on fundamental policy. We should have summoned you first.

But we could not summon you. The Prime Minister of the British empire must not only stand up and answer questions in the House of Commons but now, in practice, he must stand up before bodies of delegates from trade-unions of miners and lacemakers and dockers and he must answer, man to man, the questions they put to him from the floor with regard to the intentions of the British empire in Mesopotamia. We hope we have as much curiosity with regard to the affairs of our country and as much manhood as the laborers of Britain. But we could not summon you. Under our system we could not summon you to be cross-questioned and heckled. We therefore send you this letter.

Every question in it goes to policy, to administrative policy, to the facts on which alone a successful administrative policy can be based. We ask you:

Have you ever seen a statement of the ships, of the tonnage of the ships, available to us for the transport of men and of goods to Europe in January, February, March, April, May, and so on, in the year 1918?

We apologize for the simplicity of this question. We apologize for the simplicity of all our questions. But have you ever seen any such statement?

We hasten to tell you that we do not mean the ordinary tables of guesses. We are familiar with them. They include a large number of ships now in our trade to South America and to the Orient and to other places. But they do not show how

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many of those ships will be transferred to the trade across the Atlantic, or when. And they include a large number of ships which various press-agents say will be built in various months of 1918. But we know that many of those ships cannot possibly be built in those months. A certain ship has been press-agented for launching in February, when we know that the water in front of it, into which it would have to be launched, would barely float a barge. We do not ask for such tables. What we ask is this:

Have you ever seen a statement which says that we now have such and such ships in the trade across the Atlantic and that such and such other ships will actually get transferred to the trade across the Atlantic at certain specified dates and that such and such new ships will actually, within reason, get built at certain specified dates and that therefore in this month and in the next month and in the month after next we shall have such and such a tonnage of this sort of ship and such and such a tonnage of that sort of ship, named, classified and totalled? Have you ever seen such a statement? It is the first thing an "administrative overhead" for the United States in this war must know.

Next:

Have you ever seen a statement showing the number of men and the amount of goods our railways can carry from our camps and our factories to our seaboard in January, February, March, April, May, and so on, in the year 1918?

This statement must show our traffic lanes from inland to seaboard and it must show our ports. Port by port, traffic lane by traffic lane, month by month, it must show, roughly, simply, the quantity of war transportation our railways are scheduled to deliver. Have you ever seen any such statement?

We go on. We go on to men and supplies.

Have you ever seen a statement of the number of men, infantry men, artillery men, sanitation men, aviation men, engineers, scheduled to start from their camps to seaboard and to France in January, February, March, April, May, June?

And have you ever seen a statement of the quantity of supplies which each purchasing bureau of the War Department is scheduled to put on railway trains and on ships for each sort of soldier in our army in January, February, March, April, May, June?

We again apologize for talking about things so simple. But it is precisely the simple things that do not seem to have been done. Only a certain total quantity of supplies can be transported. Only a certain total quantity of transportation, land and sea, month by month, can exist. Have you ever seen a statement showing just what proportion of that total quantity of transportation, for January, for February, for March, for April, for May, for June, has been allotted to supplies purchased by the Quartermaster Corps, to supplies purchased by the Medical Service, to supplies purchased by the Red Cross, to supplies purchased by the Ordnance Department, to supplies purchased by the Engineers' Department, to supplies purchased by the Aircraft Board?

You are, you insist on being, the sole "administrative overhead" of the Secretary of War, of the Director of Railways and of the Chairman of the Shipping Board. Do you know that any existing statement of proposed shipments by the War Department is in harmony with any existing statement of available land transportation and with any existing statement of available sea transportation in any month of the first six months of this year, or of the first four months, or of the first two months? Do you know it of your own knowledge, with your own eyes? Will you assure us?

We speak of those statements as existing statements. Many men have tried to get them. Men high in your own administration have tried to get them. Members of your Advisory Commission of your Council of National Defense have tried to get them. They have not succeeded. They are not sure, Mr. President, that any such statements exist. They are not sure that any statements of fundamental fact, any formulations of fundamental administrative policy, have ever been prepared. They are not sure that the United States has a plan.

And we are not sure. And we must be sure. It is our duty to be sure. We do not ask you to show us the plan. We do not ask you to give us the figures in the plan. We only ask you: is there a plan? Is there a plan in the sense we have mentioned? That sense is the only sense in which a plan deserving to be called a plan can exist. Does it exist?

If it does, we must ask you one final question.

If you have a plan, why is it not followed? Why has each purchasing bureau put its purchases into railway cars and into ships without regard whatsoever to any existing proportional allotment of transportation? Why have those purchases accumulated into a greater quantity of goods than our railways and our ships can carry? Why do we face not only the actuality of workless Mondays but the possibility, next month, of a general shutdown of certain basic industries which have been over-purchased and over-produced and overstocked? Why have we come to a state of industrial infantile paralysis which no other country in this way has experienced?

There are only two possible explanations. One is that we have had no plan. The other is that

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whatever plan we may have had has not been enforced. In either case it is the "administrative overhead" that must answer. We abandon details. We abandon subordinates. We charge you to answer.

Mr. President, much is said about "holding up the hands" of the President.

Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses. They were the first recorded holders up of hands. They held up the hands of Moses, but they did not hold them up by saying they were up. They held them up by holding them up. For the hands of Moses were heavy. They were heavy with many labors. And Jethro said to him:

"What is this that thou doest to the people? Why sittest thou thyself alone? Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it by thyself alone."

And so his hands were heavy. He insisted on being the whole legislative overhead as well as the whole administrative overhead of Israel. He insisted till there came a war. And his hands were so heavy that he let them down. And when he let them down, Amalek prevailed. And doubtless many of the children of Israel stood afar off, helping by applauding. But Aaron and Hur went up to the hill where Moses sat, and they took a stone, and put it under him, and stayed up his hands, the one on the one side and the other on the other, and Amalek was discomfited with the edge of the sword.

Aaron and Hur were not lip-service loyalists and lackeys. They have been traduced. Aaron and Hur were the first historic Special War Cabinet.

Mr. President, you have rejected the idea of a Special War Cabinet. Very well. There cannot be a Special War Cabinet till you want it. You do not want it. After all, on that point, you must decide. But, Mr. President, in some other way we will hold up your hands whether you want us to or not. There was none greater than Moses in his time. There is none greater than you in this time. Yet Moses needed counsel from Jethro. And you need counsel from us.

You have determined to continue to be the whole planning and directing department of a nation of one hundred million people. Very well. But, then, *be* it! Expand your little handful of personal secretaries and clerks into a real "administrative overhead" department. Create a real top, a real centre, operative, for the making of plans and for the enforcing of those plans upon your multitude of other departments of detail and of technique. We do not want to prescribe to you any precise method of plan-making and of plan-enforcing which may be personally distasteful to you. But it is our duty to insist that there shall be a method. It is duty to insist that plan-making and plan-enforcing shall be done. Is it being done?

It is our duty, our bounden duty, under our oath of office, to ask you that question. We charge you to answer it. It is not our duty to administer the United States. It is absolutely our duty to satisfy ourselves that the United States is being administered. It is absolutely our duty to see to it that we and all our whole people go forward in light and certainty and not in darkness and approaching panic.

Have you ever seen any of those statements we mentioned? Have you ever acted on them? Do they exist? Will they exist? Will they be enforced? Let the White House be our sole centre and our sole top. In the White House and from the White House, will there be the machinery for the formulating of a plan and will there be the machinery for the execution of that plan?

We ask within our oath. Answer on yours.

WILLIAM HARD.

Our War-Housing Muddle

RUMOR has it that now at last the nation is to take energetic steps toward the solution of the problem of war housing. And if rumor speaks true, we might safely turn our backs upon the past, with its record of confusion and nonperformance. But down to the present writing no official proof is at hand that adequate action has been determined upon. There is no evidence that the defects of past policy have been acknowledged and eradicated by those who are responsible for placing our war industries on a basis of maximum efficiency. It is therefore still worth while to indicate what these defects are. For the average citizen knows them only by their fruits—production checked by want of laborers, who cannot work unless they can find shelter, and checked still further by the shockingly excessive labor turnover, running as high as a thousand per cent in certain shipbuilding plants. Everyone knows that the laborer who drifts into an industrial plant and remains barely long enough to get well into harness, contributes little to net industrial output. Yet how long can laborers be expected to remain if they are lodged in miserable bunk houses or must make long daily journeys to their work over congested car lines?

At the bottom of our failure to grasp the necessity for action we find our prevailing national optimism that assumes that if sufficiently satisfactory wages are offered the required man power will be at hand. As a fact this position is not

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tenable even in time of peace. Anything like an industrial boom brings out the weaknesses of our system of industrial housing. We encounter the same phenomenon of a harassed and discontented working population, with an intolerable rate of labor turnover. But our memories are short, and in the succeeding periods of slack business we become oblivious to the experience of workers packed together in insanitary shacks or vainly spying out the whole territory within range of employment for possible shelters. Our war time problem appears from the distance as merely a matter of temporary misadjustment, and we fail to realize how ill we can afford such misadjustments now. This lack of imagination is not exclusively characteristic of the private citizen. Even so highly placed and intelligent an official as Mr. Gifford of the Advisory Council was capable of issuing a statement on October 9th, deprecating overemphasis upon the housing question and giving the comforting assurance that "many communities and individual industries are now taking care of their own housing requirements." We may imagine Mr. Gifford's surprise over the resolution adopted December 14th by the board of directors of the chambers of commerce of the United States to the effect that the provision of war housing was at that moment the most necessary step toward the winning of the war.

But if we were ever uneasy about the housing situation, had we not committees of various sorts looking after it? To be sure; we had a superfluity of them. Late in the summer a Section on Housing of the Labor Committee of the Council of National Defense was created. This Section at a joint meeting with the American Federation of Labor on September 13th, presented a fundamentally sound program of war housing, prepared by Mr. Charles H. Whitaker, editor of the Journal of the American Institute of Architects. A committee was appointed to lay the matter before the President. So far as can be learned, nothing came of this move. But a report of the Section on Housing was presented to the Council of National Defense, which instituted hearings apparently to verify the facts that had been carefully compiled by the Section. After further delay, Mr. Otto M. Eidlitz was made chairman of a special committee, whose apparent function was to check up once more the same set of data. Mr. Eidlitz reported directly to the President, some ten weeks ago, urging immediate action.

In the meantime the Emergency Construction Department of the Council of National Defense had taken a hand in the matter, and manifested a great activity that appears to have awakened the Shipping Board to the seriousness of the situation. For some time the Shipping Board had been equipped with a housing committee covering the same ground the various other committees mentioned were supposed to be tilling. While in the midst of its labors this committe learned from the newspapers that Mr. Hurley had called on a Mr. Flannery of Pittsburgh to take charge of the housing difficulties of the Shipping Board. As a final stage in this evolution—if we may thus charitably describe the process—all housing matters have been placed in the charge of the Advisory Council of Labor of which Mr. John Lind is chairman and Dr. L. C. Marshall is secretary. It is an able body, but it has other important duties to perform.

If the various committees that have busied themselves with the housing problem had been able to grasp the fundamental issues involved, we might assume that their activities would afford a basis for the work of the future. But to a great extent these committees have wasted their time in revolving plans that never stood any chance of working. Instead of making sociological surveys to determine what kind of housing the workers required, and to set specifications upon which town planners and architects could work, they conducted elaborate inquiries into wage schedules, to determine how much of the cost could be saddled upon labor. In their proposals for housing legislation, they revealed the fact that they were preoccupied with such peace-time considerations as interest, dividends, profits and the like, instead of the one relevant consideration of bringing the nation's industrial power to bear upon the winning of the war. Thus according to one proposal, the financial obligation was to be divided equally between the war-industry corporations and the government, except that the government was to hold the prior claim. By this plan any probable loss from depreciation after the war would fall upon the corporations. Naturally the corporations rejected the plan. Next came an amendment by which the government would meet eighty per cent of the cost. This appeared acceptable to the corporations until Mr. Sullivan of the Council of Defense, speaking for labor, declared his opposition to the plan if it involved purchase of the houses by the workers and their consequent assumption of any war loss that might follow. This was precisely what the plan did involve. It was finally proposed that the government bear all the costs and that the corporations undertake the actual work of construction.

It ought to be obvious to anyone that the financial burdens of a war-housing plan would be greatly increased if the land were to be acquired parcel by parcel through negotiations with private land owners. The national emergency ought not to serve the purposes of speculators in unearned incre-

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ment. England has shown how the rise in land values can be diverted to the benefit of the community. Not one of these housing communities has manifested the slightest interest in this phase of the question. Indeed, one of the most distinguished of our official housing advisers has indicated to the writer a determined opposition to such a thwarting of private expectations as would be entailed in the retention by the community of the community created increment of values. The same distinguished authority has also expressed grave concern lest the standards of governmental housing be set so high as to prejudice the interests of private tenement property holders after the war. Is more evidence needed to prove that our war housing committees are not pervaded by the spirit of statesmen to whom all considerations beyond efficiency for war are of minor import?

What the war housing committees have accomplished is chiefly their own education in the elements of the problem. They have begun to learn that neither general business ability nor experience in commercial contracting, architecture or town planning can furnish satisfactory qualifications for the task. This is something we shall all have to learn before we have won the war. We shall have to learn that the first consideration of all is the national need for such housing as will take care of all the workers our war industries can use and keep them contented and efficient. At the head of our housing service, therefore, we need, not a man with the technical experience of the businesses and professions connected with building, but a man capable of organizing the social and industrial data by which the need for housing may be measured. Such a man as Mr. Henry Bruère, for example, would be excellently qualified for the task. With the work to be done determined, it would become practicable to mobilize professional and business talent for its execution. We lack none of the elements out of which to build a splendid system of housing that would help us to win the war and to ease up the difficulties of reconstruction. We have only to put these elements together under a man with the insight of industrial statecraft.

ROBERT ANDERSON POPE.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Draft and the Working Girl

SIR: J. G.'s complaint in her letter on The Draft and the Working Girl in your January 19th number is built upon a misstatement of facts. The rules do not provide that if a girl has ever been a working girl she must continue to be one all her life, nor that if she has had the misfortune to be born into a poor family so that she has had to support herself that her husband is put into Class II, nor if she has been fortunate enough to be born into a well-to-do family that her husband is put into Class IV.

It does not follow that if her family were well-to-do and her husband taken, she would "continue to have an easy time," if founded upon the proposition that when her parents die she will get half of their money, because when her parents die they may have no money, and even if they have, she cannot get a cent of it unless her parents give it to her, or one or the other fails to make a will.

The rules provide that the actual or possible earnings of a wife are not to be taken into account when the husband's claim for deferred classification on the ground of dependency is being considered, except in a single case where the wife by reason of her skill in some special class of work, which she is physically able to perform and in which she is employed or in which there is an immediate opening for her, is enabled to support herself decently and without suffering or hardship, and this exception is limited by the rules to a married woman without children. This is a special case to cover what may be called an ability to perform and receive pay for some highly skilled service. It does not apply to the ordinary "working girl's" employment, and the cases which come under this exception are comparatively few, in fact I do not recall a single instance in my district.

There is no question of money involved. Whether the girl has rich parents or poor parents, assuming in both cases that she has no independent income of her own, a husband is put into Class IV, if his wife is dependent upon him. If either of the wives is able, by possessing special skill in a special class of employment to support herself if her husband is taken from her and has no children, he will go into Class II, thereby being required to serve the government sooner than if she were actually dependent on him. Why shouldn't he?

W. M. RICHARDSON.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Ice or Nerves?

SIR: I was very much impressed by C. Leroy Baldridge's experience "In France." I have thought about it a great deal and a few days ago in a company of women I repeated it. When I finished there was a dead silence and their oh's and ah's were audible. In less than fifteen minutes I heard a woman say—"Well, this year we have 'something doing' in this dull old town every day. The war is bad but it's nice to have somewhere to go besides the movies." The remark seemed so cold, so careless. But I knew the woman well and understood her. She was an ardent Red Cross worker, a devoted mother and a patriotic woman. But she has a peculiar nervous temperament; she must always be shocked into a realization of facts. I am wondering if the girl Mr. Baldridge spoke of is not one of the same kind. We have so many in America. They seem to be covered with a thick coat of something. Our English friend, G. Lowes Dickinson, speaks of it as ice—"American women are as hard as they are brilliant; their glitter is the glitter of ice." I should not call it ice; I should call it "nerves"—a wall built around them for fear their true emotions might escape. It is a thin covering and when it is

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broken by a shock, we see the thoughtful, sane, deep-souled American woman.

The shock is coming soon—when Pershing takes our men into the trenches and thousands of them never write home again. The shock will break the wall of "nerves" and will reveal in many cases the hysterical American woman, selfish, hardened and embittered by her own loss. We must expect it, for the American women are far from the trenches.

But after the first shock is over, our women will be like the French woman, who, because she was so capable, was at the head of a hospital. One day her husband was brought in, dead. The next day she went several miles to spend the last hours with her son, dying of wounds. The third day she was back at her post. Only her eyes told the story. The girl in France has probably had her shock by this time.

LUCY D. J. FRANKLIN.

Waterville, Maine.

A Referendum in Alsace-Lorraine

SIR: Not in captious criticism, but in a real desire to get light on a great problem I want to ask a few questions of those who are perennially talking of settling the Alsace-Lorraine issue by some kind of a referendum. How are they going to proceed about it? This is an intensely practical matter, not to be disposed of by benevolent theorizing.

1. Under whose actual control will the provinces be when the vote is taken,—and during the preliminary electoral campaign,—French, German or neutral? Obviously this is an intensely vital matter.

2. If neutral, where is there a neutral power with stamina sufficient to secure justice and to take on itself the inevitable wrath of whichever great nation sees its hopes blighted? Will Spain suffice? Or "neutral" Sweden? Or intimidated Holland or Switzerland?

3. Who may vote? The tens and even hundreds of thousands of Alsatian exiles and their sons who quitted their native soil for France that they might not have to learn the goose-step of Prussian slavery? Or the German colonies who were thrust into their deserted villages after the deed of spoliation?

4. What guarantees can be secured that the same dark means of corruption and illicit propaganda which we have felt in this country, and which have accomplished their perfect work in Russia, should not be used by Teutonism to warp the real will of the majority in Alsace-Lorraine, even if there was no open intimidation? Would France ever accept peaceably the adverse results of an election concerning whose preliminaries and fairness there was the slightest doubt?

5. What real guarantees can be given for the personal and economic comfort and even the ordinary safety of pro-French agitators and voters in the provinces if the land should finally remain German? Or, for that matter, for pro-Germans if the country should become French? Yet obviously before the referendum there should be the freest kind of discussion and expression of opinion that the Alsatians may understand the whole case.

6. If the provinces should be awarded to either France or Germany by a very close vote, as might well happen, would not the referendum and its results become the basis for new charges and counter-charges that would spell hatred and trouble for the future?

These are concrete and unescapable questions, and they must be answered very specifically before an American can talk about a referendum in Alsace, and avoid the charge of supporting a patched-up truce that would probably perpetuate in some form "the wrong . . . which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years."

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mr. Belloc Didn't Write It

DEAR SIR: I notice in your issue of December 1st, which has just reached me, upon the second column of page 106, a citation from the New Witness upon the recent elections in New York. You imply that the errors in this paragraph, which you quote, are due to my ignorance; for you imply that I am their author.

I did not write that paragraph, nor could I have committed those errors. Meanwhile I notice that you are careful never to quote or even to allude to my exposure of your insincerity in the matter of the war, of the motives of that insincerity, and of the financial interests from which those motives spring; though I have, I am glad to say, instructed our public frequently upon the matter, over my own signature, and in no ambiguous terms.

Your falsehood will, by the time you receive this, have had over two months start; but a sentiment of honor, which will perhaps seem strange to you, forbids my letting it pass unanswered.

Very faithfully yours,

H. BELLOC.

Kings Land, Shipley, Horsham.

Well, We'll Publish It

SIR: The New Republic is not alone in its strictures on the shortcomings of the censorship. As it is now conducted it is really more of a queer proposition than people realize. While there is a very strict ban on the most innocent and harmless bits of news from France, there is no ban at all on the one piece of information which the Germans would most like to know; and of which their General Staff can make the greatest use. I am referring to the number of men we have in France, and how they are proportioned in the different branches of the service, infantry, artillery, engineers, etc. Not only is there no censorship on this, but quite the opposite. Pershing himself takes pains to give this information to the Germans at regular intervals, although he does not realize it.

This may sound like the ravings of a lunatic, but let me give you the facts. Pershing publishes every week the number of men who have died in France from natural causes, together with their names, branch of service and disease from which they died. Now there exists such a thing as vital statistics and mortality tables, which tell us that on the average only so many men out of every thousand of military age will die during the year. With Pershing's reports before him and a mortality table almost anyone could figure out roughly how many men we have in France, and how many in each branch of the service. These reports have now extended over a sufficient length of time, and the number of our expeditionary force has become so large as to make the actual number of deaths approximate closely to the theoretical average. An expert in vital statistics, or a life insurance actuary, has now sufficient data to calculate

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the size and composition of our expeditionary force with sufficient accuracy for the needs of the German General Staff. It may be objected that conditions in France are so different as to affect the mortality average. Well, who is in a better position to estimate the exact value of this disturbing factor than the Germans, who have had millions of men under training under conditions identical to ours? The results arrived at in the above manner can be further checked up by the mortality from the different diseases, such as pneumonia, tuberculosis, that an average relationship between the mortality from these causes, and the number of men can be established. Of course the periodical reports will enable one to keep right up to date, and to estimate how many men arrive from time to time. This gives a further check on the totals.

I desire that you publish this communication for two reasons: first, that the attention of the censorship may be called to this important leak for the purpose of stopping it; second, that the attention of the public may be called to the stupidities of the censorship as an example of the short-sightedness which animates some of our Washington bureaus.

N. P. Levin.

Detroit, Michigan.

It Ought to Be Tsar

SIR: I notice that in referring to the Russian emperors you use the spelling "Czar." Do you think that at your age it is right?

"Tsar" corresponds to the Russian spelling. The Princes of Moscow, in the Middle Ages, claimed the title of "Tsesar" (Caesar) as inheritors by marriage of the empire of Byzance. This became shortened into the form of "Tsar." Travelers coming back from Russia tried to represent the unfamiliar Slavic letters by resorting to a combination of consonants which existed in Polish. But the "cz" of the Polish represents in Slavic an entirely different letter. It corresponds exactly to the English "ch." As we are planning closer relations with Russia hereafter it might be well to correct even this little indication of ignorance. Many well informed publications (as, for example, the New Europe and the Manchester Guardian) have already made the change.

E. K. Reynolds.

Washington, D. C.

Mending and Cooking Corps

SIR: Hugh Britling, writing to his father from camp, describes the small discomforts of camp-life, the ragged socks and bad food, cooked by men of no previous knowledge or experience of cooking, raw recruits detailed for that branch of the work of camp. He tells of the waste of good food material, and of the pitiful waste of the strength and efficiency of men in consequence.

Men who have studied cooking and made it a profession are not available in camp or near the seat of war. They are to be associated with expensive gourmandizing in famous cafés of great cities. Hugh Britling does not mention them. But he suggests—naïvely—that all women know how to cook and darn and mend and keep a man in a state of cleanliness and comfort.

Already in emergency-camps khaki-clad women have placed themselves in training for a possible demand, a training which includes cooking for camp and hospital with preparation for Red Cross activities; and women scientifically trained in dietetics are giving instruction in the rudiments of cooking to squads of men from the cantonments. But what of the possibility of well organized corps of these khaki-clad women, responsible, determined, women, under military discipline, each one equipped with the tools of her Mending Corps, or her Cooking Corps? Auxiliary to the Red Cross these corps might be and perhaps under its management, with tested health and strength the first qualification as in the case of the Red Cross nurse.

These auxiliaries must be led by men and women of acknowledged moral, economic, and religious standing, religious in the implication of the highest interpretation of opportunity; the heads of women's colleges, perhaps, which would under such a regime be as empty of students, with our country in war, as are our universities of men.

Under such a regime, wives might enlist with their husbands. And the children? Well, in the case of the very rich and the very poor the care of the children might remain where it is, in the hands of others. And in case of the mass of women, between these two extremes of carefree motherhood, individual women might be trusted to decide the question of responsibility to family and state; or, as in the case of men, the state might decide by draft. One imagines little communities of children in charge of older women, not the aged, with older children acting as assistants and receiving their own training.

Why should women not join the army? Not as Amazons with swords and rifles, but armed with needle-book and thimble; and with a working knowledge of the laws which govern human nutrition and human efficiency. And while the Red Cross nurse ministers to the wounded, let it be the task of these, her sisters in courage, competence and high purpose, to defend the men who fight from dangers more insidious and more universal that those of flying bullet and shell.

Alice McCray Walther.

Berkeley, California.

The Licensed Vote

SIR: As a democracy, the United States has a high ideal of equal voting rights for its citizens; but this ideal, up to the present time, has not been limited by sane requirements. Now that the barrier of sex is about to be removed, and the number of voters doubled, it would seem that specified qualifications, other than that of naturalization, should be necessary to voters. It is a privilege to have a share in the making of our country's laws, a privilege for which each and every citizen should be willing to fit himself or herself.

Although the "Intelligent Voter" has long been the cry of those who desire the highest form of democratic rule, no practical, definite method of determining intelligence has been advanced.

Our system of licensing automobile drivers could be applied here to good advantage. Voters' License Stations could be apportioned throughout the country. These stations would be open one or more days a month. Here the prospective voter would be obliged to pass a written examination, after which a license card would be awarded, which would be signed by the voter. On election day each voter would present the license at the polls and prove signature before casting vote.

Julia Budd Shafer.

Summit, New Jersey.

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At the Capitol

The President and Congress

AFTER the events of the past two weeks, what sort of support can the President be sure of in Congress? A roll-call vote in the open house naturally measures the minimum opposition. The best opportunities for obstruction come in the committee room and in conference. And it would be a mistake not to recognize that a gap has been opened between the administration and more members of Congress than an open roll-call shows. How many more?

First, among the Republicans. Until the present piling up of "situations"—the Garfield coal order and the Chamberlain speech and the President's reply—the Republicans in Congress have made no attempt to furnish an alternative program for the management of the war. During the first nine months of war they had only two issues. One was the creation of a joint roving Congressional organ to be known as the "Committee on Expenditures." No possible good could have come of such an agency, and before long so many Republicans appreciated the fact that they let the plan drop without making much of a fight. The other Republican issue was a stout conviction that there must be no really painful taxation of wealth. Upon this point they were quite determined. But so were the Democrats. And this second issue evaporated because there was little disagreement about it. For the first time in perhaps fifty years a tax measure bore the signature of the entire membership of the conference committee. Democrats and Republicans alike. Anyone seeking evidence of Republican partisanship in Congress, during the first nine months of the war, must be content with isolated attacks on offending executives, attacks in which individual Democrats were not a bit less vehement than individual Republicans.

This avoidance of partisanship arose from no particular virtue in the average Republican. There were many times when an intelligent opposition would have been a useful thing—such times, for instance, as when the drastic amendment for newspaper suppression was tacked onto an utterly irrelevant bill—with not a word of opposition from the organized Republicans. The Republicans in Congress refrained from intelligent opposition because they were incapable of it. Then, after nine months, came the flood of Republican resolutions for investigations into the conduct of the war.

The administration was right in attributing all these investigations to partisan motives. But it did not admit that honest partisan motives are as healthy for a government as they are for a bank. Unhappily it was the Sugar and Coal investigation that first got off to a flying start. And the goal of this investigation did not seem to be an honest and impersonal partisanship, but a petty and revengeful partisanship. No doubt this helped the administration to form an early opinion that it was not being investigated, but persecuted. And no doubt, too, this opinion was encouraged by the judicial attitude assumed by Congressional investigators generally, all appearing contentedly indifferent to the fact that they themselves were, when you look back more than nine months, responsible for not supplying the foundation for an expansible war organization. Nevertheless, to lump together all Republicans as hostile personal critics was to effect an opposition, a more nearly unified opposition, than the President has had in Congress since we went into the war; and it is an opposition that now believes it has reason to be hostile and personal in its criticism.

As for the Democrats: The bulk of the party in Congress takes the war easily. It will support the President as practically everything except a suffragist. A crisis comes, and the majority of Democrats meet it with faith only. "*He* got us into this," is the literal comment you hear in the cloak-rooms of the Capitol, "and somehow he'll get us out." Nothing that the President could do would make these men "desert" him. Nothing that he could do would make them of any use to him except for their votes.

But there are, probably, about a fourth of the Democrats in Congress who have to one degree or another been estranged from the administration by events of the last two weeks. Some of them because they feel it would be a calamity for the President's prestige to be jarred in the next Congressional election—and they dislike seeing him hold out issues to the issue-less Republicans. Some because they are dissatisfied with the structure of the war organization, either because it is inefficient, or because it is inefficient and also fails to contain some of their own candidates for good war jobs. And some because they are awed by the President's snipping of that one thin thread by which Congress flaps along behind the government, the power of investigation. Is nothing to be left of that fine original system of "checks and balances"?

The situation, then, that events of the past fortnight have developed in Congress is this: the Republican party has been unified, for the moment, at least; the Democratic party has been split; and, because the strength of the two parties in Congress is almost even, the left wing of the Democrats temporarily holds the balance of power.

In what issues will this balance swing away from the administration? Not, for a long time at least, in any issue of foreign policy. There it has no fulcrum. In both houses there are not a dozen men who differ, consciously, with the President's foreign policy. The majority of them differ unconsciously. They listen attentively to the President's appeals to the liberals in Germany, and his assurances to the democrats in Russia. And then, in the best intention, they rise on the following day and support him by declaring that all Germans are Huns, and must be punished, all Russians are Judases, and must be left in their own noose. This situation recent events will not disturb. It will be some time before enough men in Congress understand the President's policy to be either able or willing to challenge it.

Nor is the balance-of-power group likely to swing from the President on domestic issues so dramatic as the creation, against his will, of new administrative machinery. Rather is it likely to oppose him, particularly in committee and in conference, when he seeks an extension of authority to parts of the administrative machinery already in existence; as he now seeks an extension of authority to the Food Administration. It will be an unstable balance of power, too often ready to demonstrate its independence negatively, by following the lead of such men as Reed.

This situation is not a satisfactory one. It invites irresponsible dealings everywhere. And it needs to be met, first, by such reorganization on the part of the administration itself as will remove the suspicions of Congress, outside of the Capitol; second, by reorganization inside of the Capitol as well—the setting up of some closer working agreement between executive and legislature, if only by the presence on the floors of both houses of spokesmen authorized to represent the administration.

C. M.

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The Rendezvous with Death

The Tree of Heaven, by May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

SOMEWHERE in this novel there is the phrase, "he, too, was aiming at an art as clean and hard and powerful as Nicky's [an engineer], as naked of all blazonry and decoration, an art which would attain its objective by the simplest, most perfect adjustment of means to ends." It may be said of Miss Sinclair in The Tree of Heaven that almost in every way she herself has achieved this art. It took a courageous novelist to accept for his theme the youth of England that has met death in this war. Miss Sinclair has handled it with beauty and sensitiveness. She does not write from the viewpoint of youth herself. She sees Michael and Nicholas and John and Dorothy Harrison and their cousin Veronica from the ridge of another generation, just as she sees the three unmarried aunts and the terrible grandma and the dipsomaniac and the hypochondriac uncles from the viewpoint of a younger person, a person for whom because of these elders the view is cut off. But though Miss Sinclair sees the war not as a strict contemporary of the fighting men, all the more she encompasses the home of these youths, the trellises on which they climbed. By going back she captures them. England's Niagara is all the more Niagara because she gives us its rivulets and filling waters and the smooth amplitude before the leap. She ends with Niagara, its tragic magnificence, leaving the roiled waters beyond her perspective and outside her imagining. It is chiefly in this mist below Niagara that Miss Sinclair seems to fail of "clean and hard and powerful" creation, allowing immediacy and mortality to remain in her art.

The youth of the Harrisons is bathed in a sunshine of fine parental expectancy. The reader is continuously charmed by the insight, the humor, the intimacy of Miss Sinclair's narrative of childhood, and the drama of unfolding personality that is one of the chief, perhaps one of the few, rewards of parenthood (except, of course, child labor). The Harrisons are well-off enough for Dorothy to go to Newnham and Nicholas and Michael and John to go to Cheltenham and Cambridge, with Anthony Harrison's business ("he was one of the biggest timber merchants in the country") as a kind of wet-nurse wolf to them in their nurture as English gentlemen. Theirs is a home of fine propriety, for all the dipsomaniac remittanceman and Anthony's sour brother. It is the fate of this brother to lose his susceptible wife. She deserts him for her dying lover and later forms a new and unpardonable liaison with a brilliant editor, the very editor who fosters Michael's poems. Mrs. Harrison took a quiet stand against this liaison, as she stood apart from Dorothy's suffrage activity and allowed her invincible Nicholas to sacrifice himself to a "college widow" without straightening that episode in time to save him from a sinuous lady whom Potash and Perlmutter would recognize as a "wampire." This is not ineffectuality in Mrs. Harrison. She simply accepts her powerlessness to live her children's lives for them. "Her strength was in their love of her," and she could reinforce them in no other way. But she "was afraid. She saw her children, Michael, Nicholas and Dorothy, swept every day a little farther from the firm, well-ordered sanctities, a little nearer to the unclean moral vortex that to her was the most redoubtable of all." Of course Miss Sinclair has an interest in heightening this picture, in laying emphasis on the "unclean moral vortex" for the sake of burnishing her youths in the fire. But the contrast is real to Mrs. Harrison, to the Harrisons everywhere, and gives the note of their spiritual values before the war.

Then, after Dorothy's uninvited suffrage imprisonment and Nicholas's uninvited marital catastrophe and Michael's development as a rebel, the war comes. In Miss Sinclair there is always a suggestion of the restless celibate, the person who is driven forward to unnatural crises by whips of self-reproach, the spiritual flagellant. But perhaps because of this acute specialization in the terms of self-respect Miss Sinclair is an admirable person to show where warfare ceases, in the case of private consciences, to be a foul calamity and becomes a holy grail. Miss Sinclair sees firmly and radiantly the character of the pressure to which peace-loving and beauty-loving and freedom-loving men and women respond. Here, as they see it, is an inundation of France which can only be stopped with their bodies, and they are willing to hold back that devouring flood if they must heap their bodies to the sky. They have not chosen the predicament. It is as little welcomed as a fire in a theatre, or a panic on a steamer, or a visitation of plague; it has come without a moment's notice, without invitation, without consulting their wills. It thrusts itself on their manhood, it must either be met manfully or not met, and those who meet it manfully must kill and be killed. The killing and being killed are secondary, incidental, immitigable. The challenge that has been delivered by an army under orders is primary. How can it be debated? That army will carve its way to Paris unless human beings of a different bent of mind interpose themselves—different, perhaps, only on this issue but on this issue different to death. The propulsion that sends Fritz towards Paris makes it crucial. Fritz thinks it justifiable, honorable, irresistible. It is worth one's life to resist him; to take anything and inflict anything, pain and discomfort and obliteration, as a condition of keeping the Germans from dominating Belgium and France. Fifty years from now it will in all probability seem to have been avoidable. What will never seem to have been avoidable to the persons who had to make the decision for their country, was the choice of fighting or lying down. It is not egotism in such a case to fight, it is cringing self-preference to lie down.

In some such temper Miss Sinclair's English youths enter the war. Michael has an imagination, and "he who lives more lives than one, more deaths than one shall die." His private conscience revolts at surrender to mobilizing England quite as much as to mobilized Prussia. But when Nicky goes to his end Michael is ready. He too goes. His life too is but spikenard to pour out for his conviction. And "it's odd, Ronny, to have gone all your life trying to get reality, trying to get new beauty, trying to get utter satisfaction; to have funked coming out here because you thought it was all obscene ugliness and waste and frustration, and then to come out, and to find what you wanted."

It is beautifully suggested, this spiritual compensation in giving oneself. The leaves with which Miss Sinclair crowns the youth of England are indeed from the tree of Heaven. But her ecstasy is also terrible. The minute one opens the book one knows that the family peace of the first section is a devised peace, and the moral vortex of the second section a devised vortex, with the victory of the end a devised victory, enraptured and poetized. That is a great flaw in the book, as I see it. The war could not have surprised Mr. Arnold Bennett, let us say, into shifting his values. It has surprised Miss Sinclair, and that is her limitation. The Orgreaves of Mr. Ben-

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nett are not really unlike the Harrisons. Mr. Bennett had two eyes for the Orgreaves before the war. It is quite certain, if anything is certain, that the Clayhangers and the Orgreaves have seen members of their families go to France, after leave-takings that had a new simplicity and intensity and even solemnization about them; and the toll of the war has surely been paid by Clayhangers and Orgreaves with the sober valor that is part of their kind. But Miss Sinclair sees people romantically. Before the war Dorothy might possibly have appealed to her. The young Michael was suffering a maladjustment that would have brought him into relief. The pathos of Veronica, her illegitimacy and her second-sight, the repressed desires of the three unmarried aunts, would have distinguished them; but the rest of the Harrisons would have remained outsiders. Now she beholds them with that nimbus around them which is her peculiar poetizing gift. They had a destiny awaiting them, reality, new beauty, utter satisfaction, the kind Miss Sinclair craves. They are to be exalted, not because the Harrisons or the Orgreaves must have exaltation, but because exaltation is Miss Sinclair's necessity. If there were no war Miss Sinclair would not have absorbed herself in these good antisuffrage, non-poetic, prosperous, nice English folk. Now she enthrones their fighting men, crowns their young brows.

There is something at once commoner and dearer about the prosaic literary method. Thrilling as The Tree of Heaven is, it is too ecstatic to outlive the present mood. The war is all Miss Sinclair makes it, but in the end she prefers young gods to human beings. She has not remembered the place of courage in the human role. F. H.

Chesterton's England

A Short History of England, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

OF Mr. Chesterton's intellectual agility there can now be no doubt, but the value of his work is another and very different matter. He has always been possessed by a fine and robust self-confidence. He has always believed in the absolute wrong-headedness of his opponents. He has always hung them and quartered them with a fine raillery in which the accuser (without hearing the defense) has delivered the sentence. But he has always been careful to dwell in the empyrean regions of mysticism where it was always possible, though barely conceivable, that he was right, simply because no intelligent person would dare to speak with finality about his problems. He has always written about religion, for instance, in a vein of prophecy; and no one can deal with a prophet except by execution. He has achieved his reputation by the manufacture of ten thousand scintillating epigrams, collectively dubious, but individually quotable, to which, with real wit, he has attached a title; and, conducting himself robustly in a good hard-headed, hard-drinking fashion, he has, somewhat bizarrely, identified his creed with what he calls the spirit of England.

It has been a crusade for obscurantism in things of the mind; but, withal, a crusade so joyfully conducted that it was not difficult, even for the uninitiated, to extract some pleasure from it. But, in an evil hour, someone challenged Mr. Chesterton to apply his system to the interpretation of English history. It was a profound blunder; for Mr. Chesterton's mind is not one that perceives those "ugly little facts" which, as Huxley told Herbert Spencer, slay the most beautiful of hypotheses. The result is a book full of childish blunders, and defaced at every stage by an entire carelessness for truth. It is avowedly interpretation by means not of knowledge but of intuition. It runs two hypotheses. It insists that the adoption of Protestantism was one long mistake; and it suggests that the legends of English history are more important than the facts. Armed with these characteristic weapons Mr. Chesterton, not without some real poetry, runs amok over nineteen hundred years.

If one made a mere catalogue of the blunders of this book, the result would itself be a small volume. That being impossible, all that can be done is to give some typical examples of what Mr. Chesterton means by history. To understand the true nature of Becket, so we are informed, we must regard him as one of Chaucer's pilgrims would have done. It is unimportant, that is to say, that Becket was the instrument of a church which aimed at the subjugation of all civil society. Becket was a simple soul who practised the good church theory that pardon is nearer to justice than hanging. Mr. Chesterton has probably never heard of bishops' prisons, nor of that ecclesiastical jurisdiction before which English clerics prostrated themselves, even though it turned the whole theory of justice into a degrading financial instrument. Whatever the people believed is true; on which view that Saint Thomas of Lancaster whom popular worship canonized is a praiseworthy being; though no one who reads his history can admit him common generosity or common patriotism. We have still the effects of the Roman occupation written large upon us. So we are gravely informed; but it is difficult to understand however we came to speak English, or to avoid the Roman law, or so marvelously to destroy the effects of the Roman occupation if this is the case. Mr. Chesterton paints an England that went about with King Arthur and the Round Table close to its heart; as if your medieval Englishman knew as much about Arthur as your modern Englishman of Mr. Curtis and his Round Table—or that his knowledge, so far as he had any, was any more influential upon English history than Mr. Bernard Shaw would be at a pan-Anglican Conference.

Richard II, Mr. Chesterton tells us, aimed at a despotism in the popular interest, and the parliamentary revocation of his pardon to the rebels is cited as the proof of his large humanity. The simple fact is that Parliament merely confirmed a revocation executed by Richard himself some six months before it met. So, too, Mr. Chesterton thinks the Reformation wrong, and the wars of the eighteenth century wrong because England sided with Germany. He praises Bolingbroke, on all sober evidence a brilliant knave, because Bolingbroke made peace with France by deserting his German allies; as if Bolingbroke cared a button about France or anything else except his own career. He blames the Reformation as contrary to the spirit of English history; though, on such a view, we shall have to explain away a host of parliamentary statutes of which the popularity is unquestioned, and such eminently English products as Latimer and Robert Brown. He blames Puritanism, which he mistakenly identifies with a distaste for beer, and denies that it is representative of the English genius. I do not see why Cromwell should be regarded as less English than Mr. Chesterton, or John Bunyan than the Frenchman, Mr. Belloc. He thinks that England should not have supported Germany in the eighteenth century; as if French imperialism in that age was not precisely the same monster as German imperialism in

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our own. It is easy to throw aside Chatham and Pitt in that gay fashion; but, even for Mr. Chesterton, it is hardly safe in the face of the evidence.

We are to be Catholics and obscurantists. The only things that are true are legends and the dogmas of Rome. We have refused our credence; and the servile state is upon us. It is hardly an edifying thesis. The very Rome of which Mr. Chesterton makes such boast is the most doubtful diplomatic quantity of our time—the one power to which his own hated Germany still offers humble worship. What Rome is it we are to accept? Is it the Rome of 1870, or the Rome that admitted the emperors as her masters? Is it the Rome that condemned science in Galileo and history in Dollinger and theology in Loisy? What legends are we to believe? That Charles I was a martyr? That Cromwell was a great, bad man? That Edward the Confessor gave to England her liberties? It would be a merry picnic; but it would be dangerous to build upon it. Could Lord Kitchener have acted upon the legend, universally believed in 1914, that Russian troops were passing through England to the western front? Could he have held back his reinforcements because some men (and many old women) heard of angels at Mons? It is difficult to have patience with this Looking-Glass world.

Even where Mr. Chesterton almost sees rightly, his incurable wrongheadedness leads him astray. He thinks with Mr. Belloc, who, if Karl Marx were not a Jew, would admit he took it from the socialists, that the clue to history is the struggle of classes. There is much truth in that. It is not the whole truth, but, at any rate, it serves to illuminate great tracts of human experience. But Mr. Chesterton must make it do everything. He believes in the restoration of the medieval guilds; and he draws a most charming picture of an England in which every artisan was the kind of man who built York Minster, and every fellowship of the mystery a society for the passionate cultivation of the arts. There is evidence about these matters. If Mr. Chesterton had ever read through the records of a medieval borough court with its long list of offenses against the laws of forestalling and regrating, its proofs of narrow selfishness, its consistent nepotism, its unvarying commercial trickery, he would see that there is something to be said for sober critics like Charles Gross and Mary Bateson who paint a medieval England not the less true because it is founded upon the facts. I agree with Mr. Chesterton that the development of modern bureaucracy is dangerous to the liberty we have and desire; but it is as uncritical as it is harmful to defend the dream of a golden age that never existed. Rousseau did that; and the truth that was in him lay hidden by the emphasis his opponents laid upon his sophistries. I doubt whether we can yet equate Mr. Chesterton with Rousseau.

This book, Mr. Chesterton tells us, is the history of England written for the common man by a member of the public. No one, not even J. R. Green, has ever written that before. If this is what the public is going to give us when it embarks upon historical undertaking, it is a bad day for the common man. The history of the past ages emphasized kings and battles simply because it is only since the French Revolution that we have popular pretensions to power on any fundamental scale; and history tends to be written in the terms of those who possess political power. Nor can J. R. Green be so lightly dismissed. It is true enough that he was a Gladstonian liberal who, like all of that ilk, tended to be deceived by the large terms of the master's phraseology. But I defy any reasonable man to read his book and not to perceive that he made the people the hero of his story. But perhaps this is merely one of the paradoxes in which Mr. Chesterton delights. Perhaps the whole book is merely a wild paradox of which we are intended only to take the negation as true. It is one of the difficulties of Mr. Chesterton's method that the sources of his ideas and the meaning of his attitude are always something of an enigma. And in the case of this book it is only his name that makes it an enigma worthy of examination. There is no page of it that suggests he ever read a book at all carefully. There is no sentence in it that suggests a desire on his part to understand. It is worth while to commend to him an aphorism of a thinker who will perhaps command his respect because he, too, hated the Reformation. "It makes all the difference in the world," said Archbishop Whately, "whether you put truth in the first place or in the second place." The problem with Mr. Chesterton is to know whether he is willing to give a place to truth at all.

H. J. L.

Americans in the Making

An American in the Making, by M. E. Ravage. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.40.

The Rise of David Levinsky, by Abraham Cahan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.60.

IN two recent books, the process of making an American out of the Jewish immigrant is portrayed with an insight and power that sets a new standard for the literature of "the promised land." Mr. Cahan's narrative takes the form of a novel told by one David Levinsky, who looks back over a successful life with broad autobiographic sweep. Mr. Ravage's book is the simple tale of his own adventures from the time when the delirious gospel of America struck his native Rumanian village to his last year in the University of Missouri. But the two stories depict the same process and confirm each other with a dramatic fidelity. Each gains significance from the other. The two origins, it is true, are different. David comes to New York from a little Russian city, a homeless orphan saturated in the Talmudic lore of the synagogue where he has been a student. Mr. Ravage leaves a warm family nest in Vaslui, swept in the great crusade of mythical "Nev-York." New York, however, greets them with stony impartiality, flings them both into the raw and helpless chaos of the East Side, into the peddling scramble, and then, as a genuine rise in fortune, into the sweatshop. Both are highly intelligent and ambitious. Both find almost utter disillusionment, and both come, after struggles of incredible privation and doggedness, out of the terrible slough into which America cynically casts the penniless foreigner. Both work with almost tigerish earnestness for an education. The Talmud student, however, is deflected from his studies by a business chance, and emerges eventually as a millionaire cloak-and-suit manufacturer, while Mr. Ravage wins through to the University and an academic career. It is just that subtle temperamental difference—between the youth who found in the sweatshop the "workers' university," buzzing with intellectual life and radical aspiration, and the youth who felt all this and yet felt more keenly the economic chance to change himself from exploited into exploiter—which gives us the clue to how the American process has worked out. "Intellectual" and "capitalist" have been the two main goals of immigrant ambition. That is why these two books together weld themselves so unforgetably into the mind.

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It is not the ease and beneficence of the American process that these stories emphasize. The days of the popular narrative of optimistic assimilation are over. The immigrant, in Mr. Ravage, has become brave enough to show us step by step how very grim a process this passage from the "greenhorn" to the citizen is. It means the painful putting-away of old habits, attitudes, values, and the replacing of them by American folk ways, in most cases disliked and scarcely understood. The old cultural garment is worn away and little by little repatched, until the covering of the new citizen's behavior is a new many-seamed coat, and literally, the soul must be born again. Between the lines of Mr. Ravage's brave and gracious manner, I seem to detect a slight scepticism, a question whether the process is all worth the cost. Surely the conclusion in his case must be that it was. But is that not a ghastly picture of the old men yelling their wares through the East Side streets, hooted out of every semblance of that dignity which was theirs to keep in their simple society at home? And of a piece with them is Mr. Cahan's "Tevkin," the poet who thrilled the youth of David Levinsky, found now in New York turned to real-estate brokerage. And, in Dora's children, Mr. Cahan shows us the second generation, with the old values transmuted into the lowest dross of American worldliness.

Mr. Ravage's own story, however, is full of spiritual adventure. Where have we a more illuminating picture of the motives, the pathos and the fantasy, that bring people from their remote countries to America? How the Rumanian village was bedazzled by the American mirage as seen in the person of the returned Couza is told with inimitable humor. We feel the boy's nausea at the reality of New York, the affront to his dreams, the dogged struggle up through loathed occupations. But the most poignant adventure was always ahead of him. Surely we have had nothing like this story of the assimilation of an eager, idealistic, floundering Rumanian youth into the light, hearty life of a mid-western state university. To plunge penniless from the East Side into Columbia, Missouri, intent upon becoming a "real" American was to dramatize immediately all the endless differences between himself and his fellows. He had somehow to work himself humanly into this new society without losing his idealism and his own personality. He did not like the new folk ways, and yet he had to produce in his fellows the consciousness that he was of their kind. The book is triumphant evidence of his success. The American that was made in this slow and half-unconscious process is an individual, not an imitation. The humor and justness with which he looks back on his college life and sees its significance make the book as much a revealing criticism of the native American life as it is a charming personal document. The process becomes a re-creation rather than a re-patching. In such a career we see something vital being done to America by the immigrant, as well as something vigorous being done to the immigrant by America.

It is not so much the American "in the making" that Mr. Cahan's hero represents, as "on the make." The problem before David Levinsky is simpler. His world remains largely Jewish, in which he mounts speedily to the master class on the backs of his compatriots. His growing business at once serves him as leverage for a thrust into the native commercial world, and makes easier his personal adjustments. First as a successful business man, then as a human being is he Americanized. Mr. Ravage had sheerly to be accepted not only as a human being but as an "American" before his career could apparently begin at all.

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And since David Levinsky remains so close to that Jewish world which is so integral a part of the city and yet so exotic and lusty a world of its own, our interest, after David's business life begins, slips to the more general adjustment of that society itself to the larger American life. Of this East Side world, with its thick vitality, and push against the city, Mr. Cahan has drawn a picture of incomparable vigor, richly documented, admirably proportioned. This, you say, is the very life which corresponds to what the outsider can only see in street and shop and through his imagination. You are immersed in the life of the family, the synagogue, the sweatshop, the café, the theatre, the socialists and intellectuals. And you witness it through the eyes of a man of vigor and intelligence, David Levinsky, who is engaged in mastering, appropriating, nourishing his senses and ambitions by means of that life. Consider Mr. Cahan's art in the light of his opportunity for propaganda. For he makes his hero not a socialist but an exploiter, who has no sympathy with the helpless workers from whom he has come, who fights the unions, is afraid of socialism, and remains unregenerate to the last, justifying his "individualism" by the Darwin and Spencer he had read during the intellectual ferment of the sweatshop. In spite of his sensuality and greed, and utter lack of scruples in business, David somehow preserves a certain tinge of honorableness from his boyhood Talmudic days. He is, in fact, in spite of his materialism, not wholly unattractive. Mr. Cahan makes him tell his story in rich human detail, as an understandable human being. You are no more appalled at David's tyrannies and greeds than David is himself. Yet in David's unperceptive reactions to the women he desires, in his annoyance at the radicals and "intellectuals," Mr.

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Cahan makes a subtle back-fire of criticism more deadly than the most melodramatic socialist fiction. To have achieved this through the medium of so faithful a presentation of the unspiritual Jewish type is to have done a very artistic thing. Similarly in Levinsky's mental but copiously observant reactions to the hotel life in the Catskills, to the matchmaking parties, to the speculators' designs, there is a corroding criticism of the whole field of ambitions and ideals of this pushing, primitive society, more telling than any caricature or railing.

So that David Levinsky is not only the portrait of the undesirable American "on the make," it is also a masterpiece of social criticism of the whole immigré Jewish world in the making. Mr. Ravage has used his talent to show us the "intellectual" in the making, and incidentally the ironies of our native folk ways. Mr. Cahan, in one of the most impressive novels produced in America in many a day, gives us the materialist in his setting of his own assimilating racial group. It is an event to find writers like these, with such candor, and realism, used with artistic sense and social insight, and so just an understanding of the organic place of the immigrant in the searching and troubled American future. R. B.

Indian Household Economy

Agriculture of the Hidatsa Indians: an Indian Interpretation, by Gilbert Livingston Wilson. Minneapolis: Bulletin of the University of Minnesota. 75 cents.

MAXIDIWIAC, or Buffalo-bird Woman, was born about 1839, and this means that her early adulthood antedated the break-up under white influence of the original Indian culture in Dakota. She is a conservative, speaking no English, and living chiefly in her memories of old Indian life and ways. She has the precise and vivid memory of the aged person whose life has been spent under the open sky, whose retrospect has never been blurred by print. Would it not be worth while to look back upon life through her clear though sombre eyes? We may, if we choose. Dr. Wilson, who was fortunate enough to win Maxídiwiac's confidence as well as that of her son and excellent interpreter, Goodbird, conceived the genial idea of getting the old woman to tell exactly how she had conducted her household economy. Dr. Wilson is an anthropologist, and might easily have been tempted to mar his work with comparative learning. He proved strong, and contented himself with simply transcribing and arranging Maxídiwiac's account.

Primitive life, we are now coming to understand, is almost all economics; and primitive economics, even among the Plains Indians (whom our romancers have taught us to think of as galloping over the prairie shooting arrows into buffalo bulls or white men's trains), is chiefly agriculture, including storage and the laborious preparation of food for consumption. With such economics, then, by Indian custom woman's business, Maxídiwiac occupies herself. How she and the other women of the family cleared land and prepared it for planting in corn and squash and beans, how they tended the crop, harvested it, cached it for winter, what dishes she concocted, you may here learn in full detail. If anyone supposes that these women led a life of ease, Maxídiwiac's story will disillusion him. Here is a description of the method of breaking raw soil.

"With her digging stick [my grandmother Turtle] dug up a little round place in the centre. . . . and circling around this from day to day she gradually enlarged the dug up space. The point of her digging stick she forced into the soft earth to a depth equal to the length of my hand, and pried up the soil. The clods she struck smartly with her digging stick, sometimes with one end, sometimes with another. Roots of coarse grass, weeds, small brush and the like, she took in her hand and shook . . . to knock off the loose earth. . . . She then cast them into a little pile to dry." Imagine the labor of breaking several acres in this way, as the women of Maxídiwiac's family did.

And then the labor of planting: "Around each of the old and dead hills of corn I loosened the soil with my hoe, first pulling up the dead roots of the previous year's plants. This . . . left the soil loose for the space of about eighteen inches in diameter, and in this soft soil I planted the corn in this manner: I stooped over and with fingers of both hands I raked away the loose soil for a bed for the seed. . . . I took a small handful of corn and pressed the grains a half inch into the soil with my thumbs. . . . I planted about six to eight grains in a hill. Then with my hands I raked the earth over the planted grains until the seed lay about the length of my fingers under the soil."

A field planted with such labor was naturally precious, and the women erected in it a platform where they could sit and sing and ward off crows and thieves. "We cared for corn in those days as we would care for a child . . . and we thought that our growing corn liked to hear us sing, just as children liked to hear their mother sing to them."

Where, one asks, were the men while the women and girls were working in the fields or sitting on their platforms singing to the corn? "The young men often came out and talked to them, and maybe worked a little. However, it was not much real work they did." They strutted by, fetchingly arrayed, and yelled heroically, that their sweethearts might recognize their quality. And they were rewarded with taunting songs from the maidens.

"You young man of the Dog society, you said to me,
'When I go to the east on a war party you will hear
news of me, how brave I am!'
I have heard news of you.
When the fight was on you ran and hid!
And you think you are a brave young man!"

Not all the maidens were so hard hearted, to judge from another song with which they taunted one another:

"'My ikupa [chum] what do you wish to see?' You said to me.
What I wish to see is the corn silk coming out on the growing ear;
But what you wish to see is that worthless young man coming."

Sweethearts and husbands were ornaments that many of these hard-working women were unable to maintain in severally. Observe the tangle of relationships implied in Maxídiwac's account of her own origin. "My great-grandmother was named Arákic, or Soft White Corn. She adopted a daughter Matátic or Turtle. Some years after a daughter was born to Atákic, whom she named Otter. . . . Turtle had a daughter named Corn Sucker, and Otter had three daughters, Want-to-be-a-Woman, Red Blossom and Strikes-many-women. Turtle and her daughter were then living in Otter's lodge, and Otter's daughters, as Indian custom bade, called Corn Sucker their elder sister. It was the custom of the Hidatsas that if the eldest sister of a household married, her younger sisters were also given to her husband, as they came of mar-

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riageable age. Left without male kin by the smallpox, my grandmother's family was hard put to it to get meat, and Turtle gladly gave her daughter to my father, Small Ankle, whom she knew to be a good hunter. Otter's daughters, reckoned as Corn Sucker's sisters, were given to Small Ankle as they grew up; the oldest, Want-to-be-a-woman, was my mother. Two years after we came to Like-a-fish-hook bend, smallpox again visited our tribe and my mother, Want-to-be-a-woman, and Corn Sucker died of it. Red Blossom and Strikes-many-women survived, whom I now called my mothers."

Small Ankle, if something of a monopolist, appears not to have been a half-bad sort. Here is what his son Wolf Chief has to say of him. "My father Small Ankle liked to garden and often helped his wives. He told me that was the best way to do. 'Whatever you do,' he said, 'help your wife in all things.' My father said, that man lived best and had plenty to eat who helped his wife." Like other old men of the tribe, Small Ankle grew tobacco, of which he was something of a connoisseur, delighting especially in the smoke of the dried tobacco blossoms. It was slow work to collect them, even with the aid of his wives and daughters, and Small Ankle was very careful that they should not be spoiled in drying. "He would spread a dry hide on the floor in front of his sacred objects of the Big Bird's ceremony; they were two skulls and a sacred pipe, wrapped in a bundle and lying on a kind of stand. . . . Nobody ever walked between the fire and the shrine as that would have been a kind of disrespect to the gods. . . . Lying here before the shrine, it was certain no one would forget and step on the blossoms."

But let us return to the more serious business of life, women's work. Here is a recipe for the preparation of Four-vegetables-mixed, what the Hidatsas considered their best dish.

Put a clay pot with water on the fire. Throw into it one double handful of beans. From a string of dried squash cut off a piece as long as the distance from a woman's elbow to the tip of her thumb. Throw it into the pot with the beans, and when it is well cooked, take it out and mash the squash to a pulp with a horn spoon and return it to the pot. Add four or five double-handfuls of mixed meal, made of freshly parched corn and sunflower seed pounded in a mortar. Boil a few minutes and serve.

And here is another enticing dish. Go to the field early in the morning and pluck quantities and quantities of squash blossoms. Strip off the calyx spicules and crush the green part of each blossom between thumb and finger. Throw a handful into a little boiling water in a clay pot. The blossoms shrink almost to nothing; throw in more and more until a basketful have disappeared. Then drop in a handful of fat or some bone grease. Beans may be added, if you like. Seasoning is not required, but a few flakes of potash from corn cob ashes improves this, like all other varieties of Indian food.

Though the preparation of food cost such endless labor, these Indian women were hospitable. Though each had more work in producing and preparing food for her own house than any civilized person would endure, if any woman fell sick all the other women of the village joined to plant and tend her garden. Though an Indian garden represented, more than any civilized form of landed possession, labor mixed with nature, no other right than use was recognized. If a woman died her relatives might till her fields, but if they did not do this, any other woman might take them and till them for her own. Of course all this is changing now. The Indians are becoming civilized and aware of the advantages to be derived from holding land you can't use away from someone else who needs it. They have steel plows now, and corn planters, and shelling machines. They no longer sing to their fields to make them thrive. For the fields have become civilized too and have lost their capacity to hear the caressing voices of the Indian women.

A. J.

To Subscribers

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XIII, which was completed with the last number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to The New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

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